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CHRISTMAS BOOKS

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The Spectre of Douglas Jay

A SPECTRE is haunting Mr Gaitskell this week-end—in the saturnine figure of Mr Douglas Jay. For Mr Gaitskell must have hoped above all things not to have to commit himself at Blackpool to any particular group in the party or to any delimiting line of policy. Convening the Grand Inquest on the morrow of the great defeat seemed reasonable enough. Wasn't Mr Gaitskell's election reputation sky-high? And wouldn't the personal congratulations he was bound to receive seem even more fragrant in the prevailing stench of failure? Six weeks later it all looks a bit different. Mr Gaitskell's halo has been knocked crooked by a series of parliamentary blows; by Mr Bevan, for instance, on Standing Orders; by Messrs Pannell and Mellish on Mr Speaker Morrison's pension; by, in fact, a significant accretion of militancy (analysed fully on another page by J. P. W. Mallalieu) on the part of the centre-mass of the Parliamentary Labour Party. And that new impulse inevitably affects the posture of the leadership.

This in itself might not occasion Mr Gaitskell much worry. A balancing act between two wings is part of the essential repertoire of a party leader; and Lord Attlee, a past-master of political manoeuvre and ruthless self-preservation, led the Labour Party for more than 20 years without allowing either of its wings to discover his personal views—or even if he had any. Similarly, Mr Gaitskell's instinct must be to remain Olympian above the warring tribes, and especially to avoid commitment on specific issues of policy which four years hence may seem irrelevant or embarrassing. 'This great movement is united on its ends, comrades; there is plenty of room and time for constructive argument about the means.' And so on—one can almost hear the earnest evasions rolling off Mr Gaitskell's breast.

But perhaps not quite. For Mr Jay, in his notably indiscreet article published in a Labour Party magazine, has raised issues which cannot be dismissed as 'constructive argument about the means'. His repudiation of nationalisation, and his desire to shed the handicap of the name 'Labour', may be good or bad, wise or foolish: they are undeniably concerned with ends. And they must be read in conjunction with the existence of Mr Gaitskell's small circle of private advisers (of which Mr Jay is one of the innermost members) and with the widespread assumption that such an article could not have been published without Mr Gaitskell's approval.

What distinguishes Mr Gaitskell's 'Frognal Gardens' group from the left-of-centre rank and file which orbits round Mr Bevan and Mr Wilson is not, in fact, argument about means at all, but a fundamental difference about ends. If one may take Mr Anthony Crosland, the most articulate of the Frognal Gardens group, as expressing broadly the views of Mr Gaitskell's close advisers, it is clear that he looks forward to an indefinite state of welfare capitalism, somewhat on the American pattern, which differs basically from the collective society which is Mr Bevan's goal. Mr Crosland wants to run the acquisitive society efficiently and humanely, so as to ensure that a reasonable proportion of its profits are ploughed back in the interests of efficiency and humanity; and he wants the trade union movement to collaborate in that. Mr Bevan and Mr Wilson want to mobilise working-class aspirations to change the institutions of society so as to encourage motives other than individual greed to inspire men's actions.

And Mr Gaitskell? The one thing that must now be done at Blackpool is to affirm unambiguously the aims of the Labour Party, which have been challenged from too authoritative a source any longer to be taken for granted. Amiable platitudes about fair shares and equality are no longer enough; for Mr Jay has called in question the assumptions upon which the whole edifice of Labour policy and achievement have hitherto been founded. Before any new building can be done, therefore, the foundations must be inspected and passed as fit. Where does Mr Gaitskell stand in all this? Is he a Socialist in any of the accepted senses of the word? Does he see the future through Mr Crosland's eyes? Does he, like his intimates, feel the incubus of leading a 'Labour' party? These are awkward questions, but, thanks to Mr Jay, they must now be answered.

Comments on the Week's News

The Monckton Report

Mr Gaitskell did well on Tuesday afternoon in answer to the Prime Minister's announcement of the composition of the Monckton Commission to withhold any undertaking about Labour participation. It is to be hoped that in the time gained for further talks (and possibly further discussions between the party leaders), the Labour Party will decide that, as things are, it will do better to withhold its support. It may be that negotiations on matters of detail which have already taken place make it difficult now for the party to take its stand on the fundamental desirability of a parliamentary commission; but accepting the basic structure of the Monckton Commission, the conditions are still inopportune for Labour participation. Apart from the unsuitability of some of the members already announced, the Prime Minister, shackled by undertakings he has given to Sir Roy Welensky, has been unable to give any clear assurance that the Commission is empowered to recommend secession; without that assurance, Labour participation would imply the acceptance of federation and thus rank as a gross betrayal of the trust of the African majority in Central Africa. Labour's difficulty is twofold: it must not betray that trust; equally, it must not appear more African than the Africans – who may yet decide to give evidence before the Commission. The way to escape this dilemma is not far to see. Mr Gaitskell should tell the government that the Labour Party wishes well to any inquiry which commands the support of representative Africans, but that it can offer no collaboration in any process which does not. In order to ascertain the views of representative Africans, most of whom are at present in detention, the emergency in both Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia must be brought to an end before there can be any question of Labour support. There Mr Gaitskell should stick. If Mr Macmillan chooses to accept the condition, it will not be difficult for the Labour Party to assess the real will of the Africans involved. If he does not, he must go ahead on his own responsibility, without Labour support.

Expansion at Fords

With the announcement that major motor car manufacturers like Fords of Dagenham, BMC and Vauxhall are looking for sites to expand their booming business, the government is faced with a critical test: Is it going to redeem its one firm election pledge and bring work to the declining industrial towns? Or is it going to allow that tide which, between the wars, brought millions of people south and eastward and is now flowing strongly again, to sweep remorselessly on? More detail is available of Ford's proposals than the other companies'. Having completed a five-year expansion programme which increased their labour force from 40,000 to 50,000, they now wish to spend another £50 million. Much of this sum will be spent on improvements and re-equipment at existing works in a dozen places between Dagenham, Doncaster and Southampton, but a large new factory is planned. Discussions are now going on with the Board of Trade about where it will be sited. There seems little doubt about the company's preference: it has already asked Essex County Council for planning permission for a substantial expansion at Dagenham. This the Board of Trade says it will not permit. Meanwhile Scotland, Wales and Merseyside have staked their claim for the new factory and the three or four thousand jobs that go with it. Clearly the financial inducements in the new Local Unemployment Bill will matter little to firms like Ford, BMC and Vauxhall. What will matter is the government's strength of purpose in steering employment away from London and Birmingham to areas of unemployment. It is worth recalling that four years ago, equally determined not to allow Vauxhall to create 14,000 new jobs at Luton, the government eventually caved in before the company's threat that otherwise they would build the new plant in West Germany. Fords presumably have no such lever, but the precedent has been established. Already powerful voices are protesting that business knows best what is best for business. The government should make it clear that what is good for Ford Motors is bad for the country.

Whose Hand on the Treasury?

Myths die hard; and the myth that civil servants faithfully carry out their masters' wishes seems as lively as ever. Thus the news that Sir Frank Lee has been appointed to be the economic head of the Treasury has hardly evoked any comments. Yet Sir Frank has been perhaps the ablest and certainly the most assiduous advocate in the civil service of ultra-liberal economics (which, one hoped, had been finally defeated with the resignation of Mr Thorneycroft, and the transition of Sir David Eccles to a non-economic ministry). Mr Macmillan, having made a brave effort, has retreated at the very point when he could have set a firm seal on the progressive line represented by Mr Butler and his younger colleagues. The Labour leadership must take due note of this change as it presages further economic tribulation for the country. If at this late date the Labour leaders accepted 'Tory Prosperity' as an unalterable fact, they would in due course be made to look as foolish as they already do by having resisted the demand of the TUC to nationalise and modernise the machine tool industry. It is ironical that Sir Frank Lee's appointment should come at the very moment when his greatest failure, the breach with the Common Market, is being carried one step further by the signature of the Outer Seven agreement. By adopting an intransigently 'liberal' and negative approach to our relations with Europe, we have weakened our own powers of manœuvre and are likely to drift into a position where increased competition by more rapidly advancing countries cannot be met without painful reductions in our standard of life.

Tito Speaks

After a period of comparative quiescence, Marshal Tito has made two important speeches, on home and foreign policy. In the foreign policy speech – which may be the direct consequence of secret talks with Mr Krushchev – Tito administered a mild and carefully phrased rebuke to China, and expressed the belief that matters would soon be mended on the Indian frontier; he also, while rejecting Rumania's demand for a conference, held out a very tentative olive-branch to his abusive Balkan neighbours (he is in a better position to do this now that Greece and Turkey are once more in comparative harmony, and the 'Southern Tier' of the Balkans is again functioning). More significant, however, was his long home-policy speech, which may be the consequence not only of exchanges of opinion with Russia but also of disputes within the Yugoslav Central Committee. Tito is evidently not backsliding on the subject of Workers' Councils: indeed, he endorsed recent trade union criticisms that they are being by-passed by ambitious and arrogant managers. But he appears to have decided that the time has come to call a halt to the decentralisation policy. The advanced republics (such as Croatia and Slovenia) were wrong, he said, to criticise heavy investment in the backward areas of the south; but equally, such areas could not expect to get all the money. Regional ambitions must be curbed; he hinted at more central planning, and a strengthening of the co-ordinating role of the party. He had harsh words about managers who put regional interest first, even to the extent of betraying economic secrets in the search for contracts, and he even implied that 'regionalism' had reached the level of the Central Committee itself. Both these speeches, no doubt as Tito intended, will evoke nods of approval in Moscow.

India's Defence

The Chinese may now support their military advances on the Sino-Indian frontier by legalistic arguments which may prove historically better founded than Indians usually imagine. But the only possible effect would be to perpetuate bad feeling between the two countries. Chou En-lai's proposal to negotiate after a 12½ mile withdrawal on both sides could not be accepted by Nehru; it meant that discussion would have started on the assumption that large areas of what has long been regarded as Indian territory were accepted as part of China. Nehru's counter-proposal of simultaneous withdrawal from the whole disputed area, coupled with the suggestion that China could use the Ladakh road for peaceful but not for military purposes, is surely, as this journal has suggested, the sane approach to the problem. Certainly General Ayub in Pakistan will not go further than this. One effect of China's violation of the Five Principles has been to bring India and Pakistan together and to lead to a popular demand in both countries for an armed defence of the Himalayas. This can only mean, as Nehru made clear in the Lok Sabha this week, that soldiers would replace policemen in remote outposts. That this has not been done in the past is not the fault of Krishna Menon, but, as the Prime Minister says, of his own refusal to base his policy on the supposition of Chinese enmity. Many of those who attack Krishna Menon must have known that the demand to fortify the Himalayas is grotesque; the real issue is future relations with China. But any excuse does to attack Krishna Menon, who is regarded as the Prime Minister's evil genius, and it is a proof of Nehru's ascendancy that his critics are now talking of his 'firm but flexible policy' on the Chinese issue.

The Chinese in Java

With a number of newspapers demanding the withdrawal of the Chinese ambassador from Djakarta, the Bandung spirit is evaporating in Indonesia as it has already done in India. The trouble arose when Chinese Consuls in West Java

intervened in Indonesia's internal affairs by trying to persuade the local Chinese not to obey army orders. The government, regarding the stranglehold of Chinese on retail trade in rural areas as a form of colonialism, decreed a ban on alien retail trade in rural areas; this ban is to become effective on 1 January. Retail traders are permitted to join local co-operative movements as employees and arrange for their capital to be lent to the movements. Or, in accordance with an agreement initialled by Chou En-lai and Dr Sunario at the time of the Bandung conference, they may reject Chinese citizenship and become citizens of Indonesia where they were born and lived. Unhappily neither government has completed the final exchange of instruments to enforce this agreement, and so Chinese domiciles have continued to get the best of both worlds. When the Indonesian government ordered these Chinese traders to move into the towns in West Java from their village homes, the Chinese consuls sought to prevent them. The West Java military administration then gave orders that as from 19 November officials of the Chinese People's Republic would be banned from West Java. The affair, now taken up at top level by President Sukarno and the Chinese ambassador, shows the urgency of settling once and for all the problem of citizenship and loyalty of Chinese living in South-east Asia.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Algerian Poker

Our Paris Correspondent writes: For ten days the French public awaited with great impatience the FLN's reply to General de Gaulle's press conference. The front pages were dominated by dispatches from Special Correspondents in Tunis, seeking to pierce the veil of secrecy surrounding the deliberations of the rebel leaders. When Maître Boumendjel finally published the rebel government's communiqué, there was astonishment in Paris. The French experts had been prepared for a number of possible hypotheses, but no one had foreseen that the FLN would so cleverly exploit the contradictions between the various official declarations on the subject of self-determination and that it would designate Ben Bella and his four imprisoned colleagues for the preliminary negotiations on the precise meaning of the word. The shock was increased by the difficulty of answering this proposal.

True, the same day at Colmar, de Gaulle announced, 'I addressed myself to those who are fighting, not to those who are *hors de combat*', but, from an international viewpoint, it is hard to sustain this thesis. First, there are too many precedents – both Mohammed V and Habib Bourguiba were *'hors de combat'* when France decided to negotiate with them. Secondly, from a juridical point of view, France has no right to dictate the FLN's choice of spokesmen. Thirdly, Ben Bella is still the protegé of Morocco (he was aboard a Moroccan aircraft when the French kidnapped him) and it is difficult to reject him as a negotiator without adding fresh bitterness to Franco-Moroccan negotiations, which de Gaulle is currently seeking to improve.

This being said, the FLN has its own internal reasons for allocating the star role in the peace talks to Ben Bella. For any guerilla force, the transition from fighting to talking is always delicate; the fighting soldiers cannot be in daily contact with their leaders and indiscipline and internal quarrels can easily break out. It becomes doubly important for the leadership to have the complete confidence of the rank and file. Most observers agree that the titular Algerian leader, Ferhat Abbas, has no great military prestige in the *maquis*.' Ben Bella, on the other hand, was the man who planned the revolt in 1954, created its original military and political organisation, fought in the *maquis*, and had been condemned to death by the French even before the fighting began. Although he has been in French custody for three years, the FLN soldiers still display his photographs in their tents and his reputation among them is higher than that of any other leader.

It is true, of course, that the Algerians knew in advance that France would not accept a negotiating team composed exclusively of detainees. They did this in order to put off negotiations until after the UN debate. The FLN calculates, on the basis of the vote against the French nuclear tests (51 against 16, with 15 abstentions), that the Afro-Asian bloc can now command a two-thirds majority even when Britain and the US back France.

Some people here believe that the FLN attaches too much importance to such matters of form and prestige, and is wasting time at a moment when the road to negotiations is virtually open. De Gaulle more or less repeated his offer to negotiate during his tour of Alsace; and when he spoke of peace on the basis of self-determination, he was vigorously applauded by the local population, notorious for its right-wing views. But a second humiliating defeat at the UN might well evoke bitter nationalistic feeling in France, which the opponents of a peace settlement could exploit. The FLN are playing a risky game.

New York

Round the Bush in 80 Days

It is beginning to dawn on the country that the steel strike, temporarily suspended, may be one of those landmarks that make a living for social historians. By virtue of an injunction, provided in the Taft-Hartley law, management and union are presently enjoying an 80-day 'cooling-off period'; but no change in temperature is noticeable, and every sign points to another walkout in January. At the heart of the matter are two far-reaching issues: will the transition to automation be made wholly at the expense of today's labour force? Has free collective bargaining seen its palmiest days?

If wages were the issue, the strike would have been settled long ago. Probably it would not even have occurred, for in recent years the steel companies and the steel union have had a way of accommodating each other on this score without a thought for the general public. Management has granted wage increases and promptly taken them, with interest, out of the consumer's pocket. On the other hand, when Senator Kefauver urged the union to ask no more than was warranted by the increase in labour productivity if the companies in turn would agree not to raise prices, the Steel Workers' president requested that the Senator 'keep his nose out of my business'.

After several rounds of this wage-price spiralling, it has nevertheless become clear to many a rank-and-file member that he is losing more as a consumer than he is gaining as a trade unionist, and it is doubtful that a strike would have gained the necessary support had management not picked this occasion for a crucial battle over working rules. In the interest of 'efficiency' the companies want the right to make changes without having to get union approval at every turn. In theory the arrangement would enable them to get rid of a certain amount of feather-bedding, or useless work; but in practice it would also undermine the whole system of job security, seniority and guaranteed working conditions, painfully built up over the years.

Current steel prices offer the manufacturers so respectable a profit on limited production that they can well afford a strike. And if they win it, technological advances will enable them to step up production, when they get around to it, with many fewer men. These factors, along with the low level to which labour's public relations have sunk in the past two years, evidently persuaded the companies that the hour had come to roll back 20 years of nervous partnership with the union.

In the circumstances the prospect is for a meaningless Taft-Hartley interval – Round the Bush in 80 Days – followed by a long battle that can determine the pattern of labour relations for years to come. All that can stop it, or at least postpone it, is the anguish that such a prospect must bring to Washington in an election year. The Administration can scarcely afford the economic upheaval that would accompany a prolonged time of labour troubles, and few Congressmen about to face the voters care to tamper with so basic a freedom as collective bargaining. It is considered possible, therefore, that high figures in the Administration, several of whom are thought to have a certain influence in industrial circles, will persuade the steel makers to take a more flexible position on the working rules for the moment and so put off the hour of decision.

For the long run, compulsory arbitration talk is in the air, and Senator Smathers, of Florida, has even proposed a Supreme Court of Labour-Management Relations, with full enforcement powers. Of all the alternatives to the paralysing strike that have so far been proposed, the most arresting is that of William H. Davis, a veteran mediator and once chairman of the National War Labour Board. What Mr Davis suggests in *The Nation* is that when collective bargaining in a basic industry fails, the government simply step in and take over by right of eminent domain. The state would be the nominal owner, but on wages, hours, working conditions, and prices, the *status quo* would obtain until labour and management, eager to revert to the joys of free enterprise, settled their differences around the table. Such seizures, even with compensation, may strike industry as a dangerous habit to cultivate, but for both sides such compulsory collective bargaining must be preferable to compulsory arbitration.

ROBERT BENDINER

NEXT WEEK

Blackett on Defence

Prof. P. M. S. Blackett FRS, nuclear physicist and Nobel prize-winner, contributes a 4-page critical appraisal of Western defence policy.

Christmas Books—2

Another enlarged literary section

Moscow

More Flexible and Wiser?

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Recent weeks have provided a copious supply of information about the government's plans, policies and problems. And this is not only because political and economic life is in a particularly dynamic phase of development, it is also the result of the way the government is taking the public more fully into its confidence.

Much reference has been made to the conciliatory tone of Mr Krushchev's report to the Supreme Soviet on the international situation, to his spirited defence of 'flexibility' in the exercise of foreign policy. Less attention has so far been paid to his closely reasoned argument with those people who doubt the sincerity of Soviet talk of peaceful co-existence or question the correctness of that policy. And yet it is in those passages that Mr Krushchev raised questions that have been passionately argued about by revolutionaries throughout the world for decades, questions over which revolutionary parties have split or condemned themselves to impotence.

I am referring, of course, to the questions summed up in the term Trotskyism, and in particular to the Trotskyist slogan 'neither peace nor war', which Mr Krushchev has described as 'adventuresome'. By referring to the historic issue between Lenin and Trotsky, whose name had not been pronounced in the Kremlin for many years, Mr Krushchev was using the most powerful ideological argument he commands to try to convince sceptics – wherever they may be found – that the advocacy of peaceful co-existence is not a temporary tactic, but the statement of a policy established and defended by Lenin himself. This is an argument intended for ears both within and outside the Soviet camp. The Leninist 'flexible and wise' policy of seeking mutual concessions, illustrated most vividly to the average Russian today by Mr Krushchev's visit to the United States, can be challenged from the left only by those who are prepared to risk being labelled as Trotskyists.

In domestic affairs, the outstanding event of recent weeks has been the introduction of the 1960 Budget and the discussions around it. The Budget itself contained little that was unexpected, but there was a marked difference in the quality of the discussion. Official accounts of the proceedings in the Budget Commission are not yet available, but it is learned from reliable sources that these were notable for the specially vigorous and incisive criticism of certain ministers. On several occasions during his visit to the United States, Mr Krushchev spoke of the lively though unpublicised wrangles that went on in the government, and it seems that this year's budget-making turned out to be a striking example of what he had in mind. Deputies assembled in Moscow appear to have ventilated their grievances with exceptional persistence and power; so much so, indeed, that for the first time in many years the Minister of Finance was not well enough to present his own Budget.

In his report to the Supreme Soviet on economic affairs, Mr Kosygin threw some light on the nature of the grievances felt by those responsible for production. He referred to a 'considerable lag behind schedule' in the introduction of new production capacities in certain industries. 'New production capacities' may be taken to mean mainly automation. He said that a bad job was being done in rating the outlay of materials, and he attributed this largely to the supply organisations where, he added, much had still to be done to improve the entire system. When management was decentralised by the setting up of regional economic councils – the *sovnarkhozes* – the main centralised supply and marketing organisation remained intact. It and the banks are the central planners' most effective means of preventing tendencies towards the kind of autarky which might lead the regional bodies into collision with the plan. But, to judge from the budget debate, the sympathies of the government are at present more with the producing than the planning end.

The immediate result of the insistent demands of the industrial producers on the economic administrators was a study of the current economic situation in the Council of Ministers, where Mr Krushchev and other members of the government made proposals and critical remarks that led to the adoption of measures to 'accelerate the commissioning of production capacities'. An interesting feature of this important meeting of the government was the decision taken to organise local public control over measures necessary to get new factories quickly built and put into commission. The pressure of the eventual consumer is also a force not to be neglected in the campaign to catch up with America.

The government has now reached a decision about the new wages pattern, to be introduced gradually in step with the reduction of working hours. As had been foreshadowed by other recent measures, the new wages policy is to reduce very substantially the difference between incomes. During the next five years the minimum wage is to increase far more than the average wage, rising to about 550 roubles a month, with the maximum industrial worker's wage being between two and 2½ times this amount. At the same time, it is promised, more and more services, including free board for many children and free school meals for day pupils, will add to the benefits to be made available to the lower-income groups.

In recent weeks more details have been given of the way it is proposed to enlist citizens' aid in more active fight against crime and in the dispensation of justice. A model statute of 'Comrades' Courts' has been published for public discussion. Previously, the competence of these elective public bodies, whose sanctions are in the main moral, extended to cases of violation of work discipline; but now the range of cases they may try has been extended. Petty embezzlers of public funds, persons leading a 'parasitic' existence, bad parents and bad children, slanderers, poachers, black-market operators, petty hooligans, illicit distillers, those using obscene language, will from now on come up for trial not in police courts but in gatherings of their fellow workers or neighbours. At the same time the responsibility of fighting the social evil of juvenile delinquency has been taken away from the Ministry of the Interior and given to special commissions of the elected local Soviets.

Peking

Rightist Deviations

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: The pundits of Chinese Marxism have been thinking at top speed about a cure for an epidemic of the 'chronic disease of right deviation'. It was first diagnosed by Mao Tse-tung four years ago; since then all criticism is comprehensively described by the ruling bureaucracy as a 'revival of the class struggle by bourgeois elements'. The party line was formulated last August at Lushan, when it was decided both to revise the time schedule of the Big Leap and at the same time to speed up the attack on the 'rightist opportunists' who had criticised the break-neck pace of development, and thereby committed the deadly sin of questioning the infallibility of Communist leadership.

A secretary of the Central Committee wrote in the *Peking Jen-min Jih-pao:* 'At present a number of rightist-inclined opportunist elements are opposing the general line of the party, the tremendous leaps forward, and the people's communes. . . . Very clearly, if these anti-party activities are not completely smashed, the party will be unable to defeat the bourgeoisie's resistance and consolidate its own leadership in the revolution'. Prime Minister Chou En-lai, in an article celebrating the tenth anniversary of victory in the civil war, wrote in *Jen-min Jih-pao:* 'One of the fundamental reasons why some people in our party have fallen into the bog of rightist opportunism is that they do not recognise the active role of the mass of the people in construction. They oppose the party's general line, the policy of "walking on two legs" in particular, which calls for the simultaneous development of central and local industry, big, medium-sized and small enterprises and modern, simple, local methods; they oppose the building of Socialism by way of mass movement, which, they say, was no more than "petty-bourgeois fanaticism". . . . They jumped on individual, temporary defects in the work and, without making any analysis, exaggerated them freely in order to justify their negation of the big leap forward and opposition to the general line.'

The *Ta-kung Pao* editorially pointed out the way to overcome these 'rightist-deviationist sentiments', regarding them as a falling by the economic wayside in the Great Leap. 'Finance departments must tighten control over expenditures. . . . Banking departments must use money rationally for the building of Socialism. . . . Food departments must arrange the volume of sales of grain in cities and rural areas. . . . Foreign trade and aquatic departments must pull themselves together. . . . A bugle has sounded for a battle to overcome right-deviationist sentiments and to increase production'. The same tune is repeated over and over again in the provincial press. Chairman Liu Shao-chi is much publicised in an article in *World Marxist Review* high-lighting his importance as an arch-priest of theory and the toughest of the Big Leapers. 'Who are these people finding fault with the party's general line?' he asked; and answered: 'In our own ranks, they are the right opportunists. They represent bourgeois ideology within our party. . . . To wage a struggle against right opportunism, overcome right opportunism and wipe out its influences is a major task of our party at the present time'.

Lin Piao, Minister of National Defence, in an article quoted throughout the press at the end of September, asked: Should politics still be put in command in the army? He showed that they must be, since among the armed forces 'there exists the struggle between the ideology of the working class and that of the bourgeoisie . . . the struggle between Socialism and capitalism during the transitional period. . . . Political work is the vital line of our armed forces. . . . We must use politics to command and guide military affairs as well as other daily routine tasks'. And then back again to the same thesis: 'Fear of mass movements is the basic characteristic of rightist opportunist elements and bourgeois revolutionaries; they especially pick up shortcomings and exaggerate them in an effort to disseminate the slackening . . . and deny the achievements, and discredit the party's general line'.

Liu Shao-chi puts the point in a nutshell when he compares the rightist-deviationists – these political disease-carriers – to the Russian Mensheviks – setting up 'a Great Wall between the democratic and Socialist revolutions'.

Fleet Street

Rogue Proprietor

No historian of Fleet Street can help but feel sad that Lord Beaverbrook rejected the invitation of the Oxford Union to debate with Canada's more recent gift to British journalism, Mr Roy Thomson, on the question of 'the control of editorial policy'. That would have been a night. For Lord Beaverbrook has just reiterated with formidable force in his latest slim volume his belief in a newspaper proprietor's absolute right to use his newspapers for his own particular political ends: 'I ran my papers purely for the purpose of making propaganda and for no other purpose.' Mr Thomson, on the other hand, went on record in his Oxford Union speech with the firm view that 'most successful papers have had great editors. A prime factor of successful editing is that the editor's own character must emerge through his own paper – mirroring his own personality and beliefs . . . independent editing is commercially desirable and it is necessary for the health of democracy.'

But does Mr Thomson mean what he says? Does he intend to put his heresies into practice? They go, it should be noted, far beyond even his views on the independence of editors. He has also gone on record, at least three times now I think, with the view that although himself a Conservative ('I'm rich. All rich men are Conservative. They don't want anyone to take their money'), it is 'intolerable' that there should be almost 'complete newspaper support for one political party and that is pretty well what has happened in this country . . . almost all newspapers to a greater or lesser degree support the Tories. In my opinion that is not fair and it should not continue.' And at the Oxford Union he also committed himself to the opinion, thus qualifying for election as every journalist's favourite man of the year, that 'it is part of the social mission of every great newspaper to provide a refuge and a home for the largest possible number of salaried eccentrics . . . We must preserve the eccentricity of the eccentric. Newspapers must guard their individualities.' What a man.

As one grown sceptical in the service of newspapers I am bound to say that when I first met Mr Thomson I took even more than my usual amount of salt with my meal. I am naturally allergic to those who profess to make millions out of serving the public good, though I admit that here and there it does happen. But after talking with Mr Thomson at length on more than one occasion I am coming to the conclusion that, contrary to natural expectation and superficial appearances, he is in truth a journalistic bombshell from over the ocean, and means what he says.

He has assured me in public and in private that he has already concrete plans for gradually turning several of the former Kemsley chain of provincial morning and evening papers into supporters of Labour – much no doubt to the satisfaction of some of their staffs as well as a great many of their readers. And after discussing the matter of editorial responsibility on his newspapers with him in some detail I have no doubt that the extracts from his speech at the Oxford Union which I have quoted do indeed represent his genuine proprietorial view. If this is so then we may be at the beginning of one of the most important revolutions in British popular journalism since Northcliffe invented it.

Of course, Mr Thomson has been talking so far mainly of the proprietor in his relationship to a number of scattered provincial newspapers (six morning papers, eight evenings and I don't know how many weeklies in this country so far) serving very different communities. It is easier to recognise the advantage of giving editorial and political independence to such newspapers than it is to a national newspaper – although Lord Kemsley did not find it so. Moreover, all the three national Sunday newspapers Mr Thomson now owns, the *Sunday Times* (and no one would expect him to play about with that highly esteemed and profitable newspaper to any large extent), the *Sunday Graphic* and the *Empire News* are still predominantly Tory in colour not only editorially but in their regular columns. Yet it is highly improbable that *all* the readers of the *Sunday Graphic* or *Empire News* are Conservative. What will be most interesting to watch will be what happens if Mr Thomson acquires a national daily – he would, he has told me, like to own one – so long as it looked capable of a fighting chance in what he suspects is now already an overcrowded market. If he did, would he be able to withstand the temptation to use it as an instrument of personal power? That would be the real test.

Meanwhile even if his currently expressed opinions on the functions and responsibilities of newspaper proprietors only find practical expression in his chain of provincial newspapers that will be quite something. I believe that they will. And quite soon. For what most impresses me about Mr Thomson's views is that they are founded on commercial common sense. He does not pretend to be an idealist but he is capable of looking at the British press objectively and he is shrewd enough to see two things. One is that it is absurd for newspaper owners – particularly in the provinces where success eventually depends on the confidence of a local community – to close their eyes to the fact that, come sun or rain, getting on for half the people of Britain are Labour and that to offer them nothing but Conservative newspapers is bad business. The other is that when you get newspaper ownership as concentrated in a few hands as it is coming to be in this country, it is asking for trouble for so many to be manifestly biased to one side. It is also Mr Thomson's firm belief – and in this, much as one may dislike it, most of the evidence is on his side – that in the current economic situation newspapers are bound to be forced into bigger and bigger groupings in order to be commercially viable. He holds that a man who owns seventy odd newspapers on two sides of the Atlantic, as he does, can provide them with the centralised commercial direction and budgetry control modern conditions require, but that he would be a fool to think he could edit them all as well. This seems to me a healthy point of view.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Trade Union MP

LAST week, two active, but comparatively unknown, Labour MPs succeeded in persuading virtually all their colleagues who happened to be in the House to ignore the advice of their own front bench and vote against the proposal to pay Mr Speaker Morrison an immediate pension. The sight of Mr Gaitskell and a handful of his newly appointed Shadow Cabinet sitting in dignified abstention, while their followers to a man laid bare the benches behind them was unusual enough; but what was really extraordinary was that this revulsion – it was not a revolt since there was a free vote – was led by two trade union-sponsored MPs, Mr Charles Pannell, the secretary of the Trade Union Group, and Mr Bob Mellish, one of the group's most prominent members.

In recent years the Trade Union Group has been the centre of Labour's parliamentary establishment, a well-stuffed cushion useful for smothering left-wing deviationists such as the Bevanites. Can it now be that the cushion may after all be stuffed with something harder than hair and be used for bashing the leadership instead of smothering rebels? These reflections are still further stimulated by a dramatically headlined newspaper article, which Mr Roy Mason, a young miners' MP, wrote this week and which, in part, reflected a more sober statement earlier in the month by Mr Pannell. Both Mr Pannell and Mr Mason protest that trade union MPs are being by-passed and gagged. Trade union leaders nowadays, they say, prefer to take up trade union matters direct with the minister concerned through the TUC instead of encouraging trade union-sponsored MPs to ventilate such things on the floor of the House. Certainly the Trade Union Group is on the move and, because it is 100 members strong, a change in its attitude must affect the party as a whole.

The group consists of those Labour MPs who are sponsored by any trade union affiliated to the TUC and the Labour Party; and 'sponsoring' means that the trade union contributes up to £300 a year for running expenses and up to 80 per cent. of election expenses. Many Labour MPs are excluded from the group, although they are themselves trade unionists, because their union is not affiliated both to the TUC and to the party, and some are excluded even though they belong to fully affiliated unions, because they are not officially sponsored.

The history of the group is as long as the history of the Parliamentary Party itself. Trade unionism in its early days wanted spokesmen in parliament and to that end sponsored individual candidates and eventually formed the Labour Representation Committee. Such sponsored MPs regularly fought trade union battles on the floor of the House; indeed, trade union leaders like J. R. Clynes, Arthur Henderson and J. H. Thomas found that they could not do their union job effectively unless they were themselves in the House and could tackle ministers face to face. Side by side with such men were others who were less directly interested in the bread-and-butter trade union fight and more concerned with the broader issues of changing society; and as, up to 1918, there were no individual Labour Party members, the Parliamentary Party consisted of two sections – the Trade Union Group and the ILP. The latter gradually withered away with the growth of individual membership; but the Trade Union Group has continued to exist and to fulfil its historic function.

Since the outbreak of the last war, however, that historic function has been considerably impaired. The government of the day realised that the war could not be fought effectively without the full co-operation of the trade union movement, and that meant almost day-to-day consultation at a high level with trade union leadership. This practice, revolutionary though it seemed for the Chamberlain government, was continued naturally when the Attlee government took over and has been followed, so far, even by the Tory governments which have held office since 1951. Inevitably, when trade union leaders had a direct entry to Downing Street, the usefulness of sponsored spokesmen in the House of Commons diminished.

It may be that the marriage of convenience between government and TUC will soon break up. Both Mr Pannell and Mr George Brown, the chairman of the group, have foreseen that this possibility could well restore the Trade Union Group to its old position. For, if trade union leaders begin to find that the doors of Downing Street are shut in their faces, they will return to their sponsored members in the Commons. In the meantime, however, the group is reshaping its functions. It is now officially recognised as a specialist group, to consider and advise on any legislation or statutory orders affecting trade union matters or labour relations, provided that, when it is considering such matters, its meetings shall be open to all members of the Parliamentary Party.

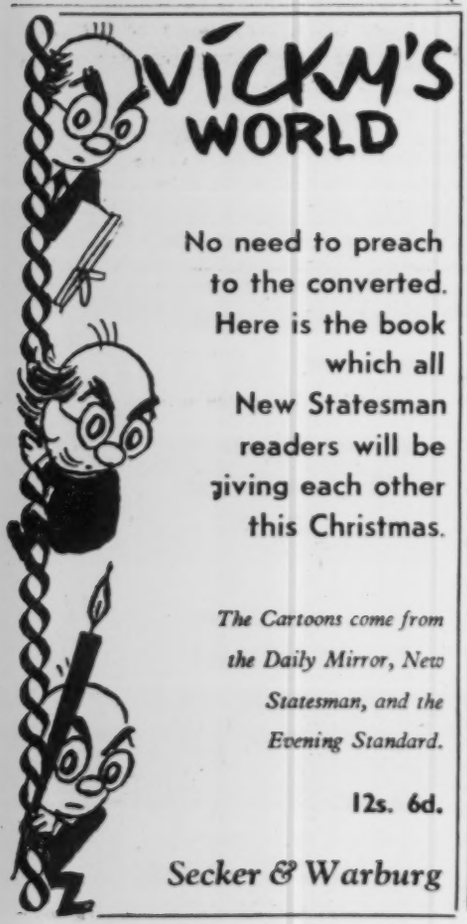
But even if its new status does not bring it new importance, even if circumstances do not revive its older historic role, the Trade Union Group will continue to exist and to have real significance. From the earliest days there have been some suspicion and lack of understanding between the middle-class and working-class sections of the Parliamentary Party. This arises only partly from differences in background and social habits. Far more important is a difference in the approach to politics. The 'working-class' member has tended to be concerned with immediate objectives, with immediate if small improvements in the living standards of his fellow workers. So long as the party continued an effective instrument for achieving that, he was acquiescent, though not necessarily satisfied. Hence, for fear that the party might be diverted from immediate needs, he suspected middle-class members, who, less conscious of hardship in their own surroundings, tried to widen the party's horizons. He could be relied on to help the leadership at any time, either in pulling such high fliers down to earth or, failing that, in blasting them off the earth altogether. This difference in approach was accentuated by an uneasiness which some trade union members felt in trying to work with men whose upbringing provided them with a fluency which sometimes sounded like glibness and an assurance which often seemed like arrogance. So the trade union member has tended to retire into his own shell, and that shell has been the Trade Union Group where he is among his own people.

This 'club' function of the group is of real and continuing importance. Topical policy discussions are seldom held and formal decisions are almost never taken. Yet in an atmosphere of down-to-earth kinship, questions and persons are gradually weighed up. A word or two in the House of Commons tea-room, a head-shake in the party meeting, are as much a part of this weighing up as the more formal confabulation behind closed doors; and out of these, at last, there comes an atmosphere, a general opinion, which is absorbed by each member through his pores. Outsiders, including the leadership, are well advised to sense that opinion before they act.

In this new parliament it is already clear that the group is distilling a different atmosphere. With the years, older and more tired members of the group have been replaced by men who are still young enough to risk, if necessary, making fools of themselves. Such men recognise the difference between loyalty and dependence, and are less willing to accept fetters placed by bodies outside parliament on their political activities. Further, there has been the shock of the general election result. For these and other reasons, it seems that the group, not deliberately perhaps, but none the less decisively, has come to the conclusion that the party, for the time being, should stop trying on the robes of office and become instead an effective opposition. Instead of feeling itself a part of the establishment, the group is returning to instincts which in years gone by made it react automatically against the 'masters', whether these were bosses, the government in office, or the bureaucrats in power; and this change in mood towards an earlier radicalism may well make possible at long last a bridge between it and the radical 'intellectual' wing of the party.

If the leadership of the party is prepared to lead on these lines, well and good. But it can no longer rely on the Trade Union Group to support 'responsibility' and 'dignity' – parliamentary terms for doing nothing. From this, certain developments are likely to follow. One is that, from the smoke of day-to-day battles on detail, there may arise a new image of the party and even a coherent policy, which is not devised in the dining-rooms of Hampstead.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU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The Expert Witness

'PROFESSOR, do you call the British Labour Party an extremist left-wing party?'

'Not the British Labour Party – they, of course, chucked out Laski.'

'The British Labour Party, Professor, has had the nationalisation of industries on its books for many years. That is enough to brand Labourites as Communists?'

'Not on that one item. For other reasons too. There is a strong Communist element in the Labour Party – we have to face that fact.'

'As your evidence is then, Professor, the wider use of the term Fascist (other than to describe Mussolini's Italy) is only employed by extremist left-wing writers?'

'Mainly by them.'

'Was the Oxford Dictionary compiled by extremist left-wing writers?'

'No.'

'Is Professor Seton Watson an extremist left-wing writer?'

'No.'

'Professor Carr?'

'No.'

'Lord Attlee?'

'He's very near it.'

The professor in these dialogues, which are extracted from a voluminous record, is Andrew Howson Murray, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Cape Town and the Crown's expert witness on Communism in South Africa's treason trial, which this month ends its third year. His interlocutor is Mr I. A. Maisels QC, leader of the legal team defending the first batch of 31 accused.

The late Mr Oswald Pirow QC made it clear in his opening address for the Crown that it would not directly prove that the accused had conspired to commit the violence which is the essential element in a charge of peace-time treason. Instead, the Crown would show that Communists believe in violent revolution, that the African National Congress and other organisations to which the accused belong were Communist, and that the accused were therefore, by implication, committed to the violent overthrow of the South African state in order to fulfil their admitted aim of equality for all.

Led for three weeks in evidence-in-chief, Professor Murray gave an outline of Communist doctrine, quoting at length from Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Mao Tse-tung and others. Then he dealt with 150 documents selected from the thousands in the case, stigmatising specific passages, phrases and the use of particular words as Communist or as showing Communist influence. Friendly references to Russia and China linked with criticism of 'war-mongering American imperialists' were 'in line with Communist doctrine'. The use of the phrase 'police state' was 'specifically Communist'. An expression by the ANC of 'full confidence in the ultimate triumph of Africa' was cited as 'an example of the Communist doctrine of historical materialism'. It was part of Communist strategy to organise women's and youth leagues, as the ANC had done. Communist influence was apparent in a call by ex-Chief Albert Luthuli, the now banished President-General of the ANC, for closer co-operation with trade unions and for the establishment of a 'united front to challenge the forces of reaction', the latter two phrases in particular being 'typically Communist'.

Under cross-examination, Professor Murray claimed he had made an intensive study of Com-

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munist doctrine and theory, lecturing regularly for many years on this subject to Cape Town students. He kept abreast of current literature on the subject. He did not, however, subscribe to any periodicals published in Russia, and had never heard of the Russian journal *Kommunist*. He had a small library of books on Communism, but not complete sets of Engels or Lenin, nor any works by Mao Tse-tung, or the *Short Philosophical Dictionary* or the *Dictionary of Foreign Words*. He did concede that Communist ideas and words were used by non-Communists.

'The word "comrade" is used frequently in [British] trade union documents. What inference would you draw from that?'

'It would appear that, where the word "comrade" is used, you have to do with a leftist tendency in that union.'

'Such as Mr Gaitskell [addressing the TUC]?'

'He might, under those circumstances, want to be popular; he knows his Congress.'

Confronted with a full account of the political, economic and legal disabilities of South Africa's non-whites, Murray readily agreed that some of these had no counterpart in any other civilised country. After a whole day of detailed questioning, he also agreed that there was no clause in the Congress movement's Freedom Charter, a key document in the case, which was necessarily Communist.

'We wish to establish,' said Mr Maisels, 'that the demands of the accused are in line with what all kinds of people in all kinds of countries feel to be basic to human decency . . . it is the Crown, in its allegations, that is out of step with the rest of the world.'

After seven days, the bench asked Mr Maisels why he kept pressing Professor Murray on the alleged Communist word 'imperialist'.

'Your lordships,' Mr Maisels replied, 'it is now ripe for me to tell you that the purpose of our examination of Professor Murray is to show two things – first, that this witness is not qualified to give the evidence that he has, by virtue of his ignorance of many topics, as displayed already, and of necessary factors which he has not taken into account; and that opinions which he has given in evidence-in-chief particularly are calculated to or may possibly mislead the Court.'

That, commented the presiding judge, Mr Justice Rumpff, was a matter for argument. On Tuesday of this week Professor Murray's evidence was concluded, and the court adjourned till mid-January.

JAMES FAIRBAIRN

Johannesburg

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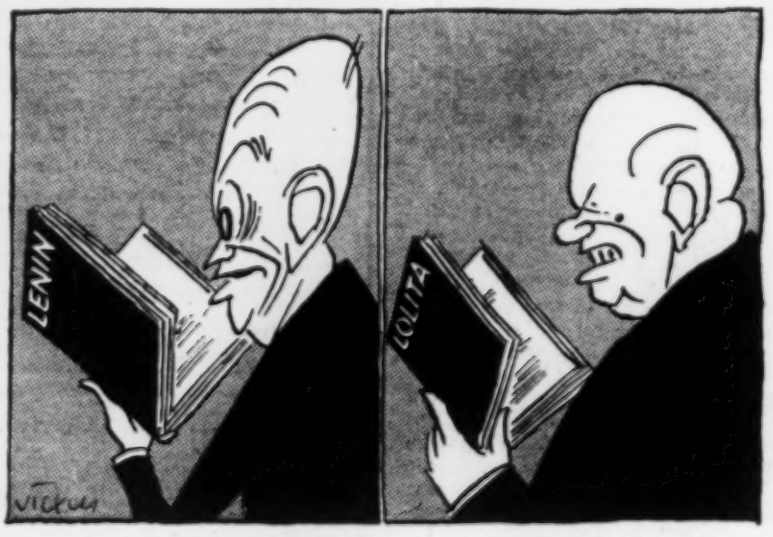
London Diary

GENERAL DELGADO'S visit marks an important stage in the necessary process of exposing the great Portuguese fraud. Until the time of the Queen's visit to Lisbon in 1957, one seldom, if ever, saw anything disagreeable in the British press about the Salazar regime. It was bad form, for some reason or other, to say anything unkind or truthful about this police state. I well remember the experience of being greeted at the time of the Queen's visit by old-fashioned liberals in Lisbon as if I was a sort of god out of a machine; a journalist had flown from England with a typewriter and was actually prepared to mention that prisoners awaiting trial in Oporto had died (or committed suicide) under interrogation; that the police had learnt their methods from the Gestapo; that the censorship was savage; and that Portuguese poverty was the worst in Europe. There were English liberals who protested at this article as if I had been spitting in church. Several MPs and correspondents, including Paul Johnson from this journal, went to Portugual that autumn, and Mr Gerald Gardiner QC listened to the treason trial in Oporto and was afterwards forthright in English legal journals about the character of Portuguese justice. The result of this publicity was not to change the evils, but to create an atmosphere in which it was possible for General Delgado – by no means a man of the left – to stand for the Presidency and to receive a very substantial vote, against Salazar's own candidate. Afterwards, of course, he had to leave the country, and so did others who wished to avoid Salazar's vengeance. No one seems quite to know what has happened to the Bishop of Oporto, who lost his job after testifying against Salazar during the election. But at least we have reached the point when people are not shocked because Delgado comes here to tell us about the economic and political misery of Portugal; because he repeats the disgraceful story of Galvao who was imprisoned for one term (and avoided serving an additional long-term sentence by escaping to South America) because, as a deputy and Inspector of Colonies, he exposed the corruption of officials who made money out of slavery in the Portuguese colonies. Today, people believe Delgado and are not even horrified when he prophesies that, in accordance with Iberian tradition, the Salazar regime will some day, as a first step towards freedom, fall before an Army revolt.

* * *

What do champions of western thought want if they are not pleased when the British Council persuades the Russians to allow 3,970 British books, all stuffed with British prejudices and ideas, to be exhibited in Moscow? Aren't they pleased that, as part of the agreement, the Muscovites can buy British books through Soviet booksellers? Wider freedom can, of course, only be won gradually: at this stage economics and politics and religion are left out of the collection, but in other fields it is remarkably comprehensive. There are Jane Austen and Kingsley Amis; Norman and Wilkie Collins, Erskine Childers and Agatha Christie, and volumes of poetry by Stephen Spender and Dame Edith Sitwell. Nor do the 30 rejected books seem to have anything in common. Some of them, no doubt, contain specific criticisms of the Soviet Union, but looking at the banned list as a whole, the probable explanation seems to be that some anxious underling thought that, since some books were rejected from the American and French exhibitions, a similarly chancey censorship should be applied to the British one. I can find no sense at all in criticising the British Council because it agreed to the best terms it could get. Whatever did Stephen Spender mean by suggesting in his letter to *The Times* that 'writers should protest against their books being exhibited while those of other writers are banned'? I wonder whether Spender will refuse to allow his own books to be sold in the Soviet Union? Does he think that Winston Churchill, whose six volumes of the History of



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the Second World War are included in the exhibition, should withdraw them because the Russians are deprived of William Morris's *News from Nowhere*?

* * *

Talking of correspondents in *The Times*, whatever has happened to my good friend Lionel Hale to make him think that his personal antipathy to being birched is relevant to its deterrent effect on young thugs? Of course, this threat would deter him – and me – from robbery with violence if we were to contemplate such a change in our way of life. But the thugs who actually use violence are brought up differently, have lived in other social circles and hope, as their kind always have hoped when they embark on a bit of robbery, that they will get away with it. The facts which the Departmental Committee of 1938 uncovered, and which the Howard League has again recalled, demonstrate that corporal punishment has not in fact had the deterrent effect on thugs that Lionel Hale says, no doubt correctly, it would have on him. (How many more times will it be necessary to expose the hoary fallacy about garrotting being stopped by the lash?) If we are really looking for the sort of crime for which flogging would be a successful deterrent, I suggest drunken driving. If you had had too many martinis at a party you might really be deterred from driving by fear of the birch – or, if not, your friends in the car would decide the matter for you. And if you really believe in pain as the best deterrent, why not go the whole hog like the magistrate the other day who wanted to flog a boy 'unconscious'? Or what about taking a hint from Orwell's *1984* and applying precisely calculable doses of electric torture as punishments for crimes of various degrees of wickedness? The answer to this last question is that electric torture would not give the same sexual expression to our righteous indignation that is involved in flogging.

* * *

Why does the Labour Party make a fuss about Macmillan's insistence that all parliamentary members of the Monckton Commission must be Privy Councillors? Nye Bevan, Creech-Jones and Jim Griffiths are all Privy Councillors and possible members of a Commission if Labour decides to co-operate in it. But Labour's leading spokesman on colonial affairs, James Callaghan, would be excluded, and so would Dingle Foot and Barbara Castle, who are both intimately acquainted with the problems of Central Africa.

* * *

Discussing her Institute of Geriatrics in Bucharest, Professor Aslan did not suggest that she holds any secret elixir. Her point, as I understood it, is that British medical science should make its own intensive researches into the effects of the injections which, she claims, have such extraordinary results when used according to her formula in Rumania. I gather that medical men here do use the same drug in some cases of rheumatism, but they do not obtain similar miraculous results. They add that her claims seem wildly exaggerated and that, according to our standards, her experiments have not been adequately controlled or checked. As a layman I am interested in another quite unscientific question. Do we, either socially or individually, very much want to increase the present span of life? I discussed this with a friend in his late fifties. He replied that he had had an interesting and happy life, was prepared to complete it in the same way and didn't want artificially to prolong it. My own answer would be that I should have serious doubts about wanting, by periodic or perhaps regular injections, indefinitely to prolong even a reasonably healthy old age. If the treatment means that at 100 I should still be a merely tolerable 80, I don't think I'd bother. But if there was some way of keeping or restoring youthful intellectual and physical vigour, then who could help being overwhelmingly excited by the prospect of starting another career!

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Sir,—The thirtieth annual Foire Gastronomique, perhaps the greatest food fair in Europe, has just ended here at Dijon. The British stand (a poor thing, but our own) was displaying, among other national delicacies, tins of cat and dog food.—Letter in *The Times*. (James E. Miller.)

Miss April Brunner, who was deb-of-the-year in 1954 and then studied modern languages at Oxford, has decided on a new career. She wants to become a concert singer.

'I have always been interested in the stage,' she says. 'But it is such a full-time career. One would never be able to do anything else. With a concert, one would just sing for a couple of hours and then be finished.'—*Sunday Express*. (Carol Spero.)

Another instance of bad planning is provided by the new lavatories, I was appalled to find I had to walk several yards along the same corridor as the ladies.—Letter in *Bristol Evening Post*. (J. Carter.)

The Rev. Arfon Jones was given three months notice by the trustees in May. They accused him of not being a good preacher, of being in debt, and of beating a drum in the Sunday school procession.—*South Wales Echo*. (C. Powney.)

The Drug Barons

THE notion that economic crime in England sustains a 'nation-wide organisation' will always be with us because it has become an emotional necessity. For the truth, you have two alternatives to choose from. First, an organisation far too efficient for the police ever to have got near enough to smell it: secondly, an endless succession of smaller enterprises, like the racket in hand-painted china exports after the war, the Messina brothers, the huge larcenies of transit goods always in progress on our roads, railways, and canals (what a story will break there one day!), and some of the home-industry schemes – glove-making, weaving, machine-knitting, and the rest – by which countless readers of small-ads in respectable newspapers are being heartlessly exploited at this moment.

I favour the second alternative. I don't believe we have an Al Capone, a Waxey Gordon, a Lucky Luciano, an Albert Anastasia or a Joe the Barber. We are too small, our police resources are too big, and our legislation is, with daft exceptions, too rational.

Prohibition in the United States has earned a capital P in only one of its senses, but it seems that the Americans must always have, at any one time, some kind of prohibitory law which is gravely inoperable. They are even better than we are at passing unenforceable *ad hoc* legislation and feeling good about having done merely that. Today it concerns narcotics, and the state legislators are busy from coast to coast.

The US Narcotics Bureau estimates that the illegal drug traffic amounts to about 250,000,000 dollars every year, most of the profits being shared by not more than 50 very rich men of disputably Sicilian origin. (Just now the 'Mafia' is serving the age-old purpose of the Masons, the Jews, and even – for a time – the Communists. It is taken very seriously: in the Los Angeles police headquarters I saw an immense genealogical tree of the principal Mafia families, which must have taken someone weeks to work out. You do meet a few irreverent persons who see the Mafia as a police 'alibi'.)

Heroin and marijuana have, in America, an important by-product in the physical ruin and degradation of legions of young people, mostly of what we should call the working class. There are Public Health Service Hospitals at Lexington, Kentucky, and at Fort Worth in Texas, where the admissions of drug-addicted juveniles have increased more than 20 times over in the past 12 years. Commitments of children to the care of the California State Youth Authority on charges of 'narcotic violation' have more than trebled in the same time. The source of supply, mainly the Mexican poppy fields, is limitless; individual pedlars are cheaply expendable; and the occasional confiscation of drugs in huge quantities makes no perceptible difference.

In 1952 the Federal Narcotics Bureau successfully indicted 23 wealthy members of a narcotics ring which had sold heroin throughout the US (without ever seeing a grain of it) to the value of millions of dollars. They had the kind of names you might invent for the libretto of a modern musical: Willie-the-Weeper Levin, Trigger Abe Chapman, Harry Winkelblack. The indictment, said the Bureau, was to 'crack the heart of the nation's narcotics racket'. The disappearance of these 23 septic characters left the narcotics problem, at least in California, precisely as it was. In 1957 the Bureau cornered over 60 more of these people in a big country house at Apalachin in

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southern New York State. A good many of them went to prison, in some cases for not paying the income-tax on their heroin earnings or on the proceeds of brothel-keeping: the drugs traffic went on unabated.

At the other end of the scale, the search for addicts, I had a few recent glimpses of the narcotics law in operation. In a Los Angeles police station I saw a boy of 15 being questioned late at night by a patrolman who had brought him in under the juvenile curfew regulation. The contents of his pockets lay on the table, and included no drugs. Suddenly the policeman took the boy's wrists, pushed up the sleeves of his wind-cheater, and examined his forearms closely for puncture marks. A small matter, perhaps, but made significant for me by the boy's unquestioning acquiescence: in this country it would be an assault, but obviously it seemed normal enough to both parties.

What also must have been usual was an incident in the enormous new police headquarters of Los Angeles, an ultra-modern building suggestive of nothing so much as a Ministry of Thought, with rubber floors, plastic walls, air conditioning, silent express lifts, and police cells without bars (they have two-inch unbreakable plate glass instead). In a central area fed by a dozen busy corridors, where the 'reception' of prisoners was going on, a plump middle-aged man, startlingly naked in a to-and-fro of uniformed men, was being lewdly examined for concealed drugs by two very large policemen. Neither they nor anyone within sight could have been less concerned about their charge's personal dignity if he had been a pig. They may even have preferred his not being a pig, for at least he did what he was told. I forgot to say that he was an unconvicted person, remanded that day in custody, from the court across the way, on a charge of cheque fraud. The charge didn't matter: here was a man accused of something—search him for narcotics. I have not seen, anywhere, a more memorable example of absolute power at work upon helplessness, but one frightening word will (I found) justify it to most American consciences: narcotics.

A New York City Youth Board official told me that he thought about 18 per cent. of the juvenile lawbreakers under the Board's observation, in gangs and otherwise, become drug addicts, and that the corruption of many of them begins at school. By way of comparison, the juvenile division of the Los Angeles police department find that theft and violence often accompany the use and sale of narcotics, and that between ten and 15 per cent. of the city's juvenile gang members graduate from petty larceny, and the peddling of drugs at high prices in order to keep themselves supplied, to armed robbery and the sale of narcotics by wholesale. Yet both these estimates are challenged by a report submitted to the Senate on 19 February this year by the Californian Board of Corrections.

This board approximates to our Prison Commission in the sense that it runs the state prisons; but there the resemblance ends. It has a statutory responsibility under the Californian penal code to 'make a study of the entire subject of crime', and with great thoroughness it turns its constant supply of human research material into useful data, 'prediction tables', and studies of causation. It recently decided that 'stop-gap solutions based on fragmentary information and emotional reactions have proven ineffective in controlling the illegal use of narcotics', and set up a committee to find out the extent of 'narcotic involvement', a useful omnibus term, among offenders in the Californian prisons, correctional institutions, and training schools. It was not concerned with the county jails, which are not under the Board's jurisdiction and which contain a higher proportion of first offenders and marijuana users, or with the federal prisons, to which the drug wholesalers go because they are the concern of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. But it found that in Los Angeles County alone during 1957 there were 7,731 felony arrests for narcotics offences, and that out of these only 1,314 went to prison, county jail, or probation. Throughout California in the same year the ratio was roughly the same. In other words, four-fifths of the persons arrested are either acquitted or never charged.

'Half the heroin addicts are convicted of criminal offences other than against the narcotics laws,' says the report; and yet when I left California there were nine private members' bills before the Senate, seeking to put up the penalties for drug offences, as if that would make some difference. 'It is doubtful,' says the Board of Corrections narcotics committee, 'that such a simple solution can be effective in controlling a problem wherein there are so many complex and inter-related factors'; and it deprecates the present laws because they apply mandatory minimum prison terms equally to the adult heroin addict and to the youth possessing two or three marijuana cigarettes.

Its study of 2,297 convicted persons and 'Youth Authority wards' led to some very interesting conclusions, but none more surprising than the discovery that the use of drugs seemed to follow criminal activity and association rather than the other way round. The contrary belief, which is widespread and which I should have shared, 'is based on a very small number of highly publicised individual cases where a person becomes more or less accidentally involved with narcotic use and subsequently turns to crime'. There was no evidence that addicts committed worse crimes after addiction than before. And the typical male heroin addict had started in his teens with marijuana because of 'curiosity, group suggestion, or thrill'.

American law enforcement officers lay the blame for their really appalling drugs problem upon the Mexican government, which has failed to fulfil a promise to destroy its vast commercial poppy fields, and upon Great Britain, which steadfastly opposes every United Nations effort to outlaw heroin internationally. (We say that it has unique medical value, the American medical faculty says it has absolutely none.) Some of the blame belongs in America, you might think, if it is necessary to make 10,373 arrests in one state alone in order to get 2,291 drugs offenders convicted. But the search for a medical alternative to heroin would be much stimulated by a look round the American prisons and correctional institutions. I believe, after many conversations on both seaboards with informed sceptics as well as with scare-raisers, that the Americans are faced with an efficient coast-to-coast organisation for peddling narcotics that is as wicked and pitiless as it is immune and, at present, invincible. We have a grave responsibility about this.

C. H. ROLPH

Backwards, Forwards or Sideways?

As the Labour Party approaches the most crucial Conference of its life, Roy Jenkins MP puts forward his idea of the way Labour should go now.

Read 'The Road to Blackpool Tower' in today's issue of the

SPECTATOR

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27 9d.

Off to the Smoke

We threw the last darts, this summer, and went out of the old drovers' pub at Llangadock and shook hands all round. Pity was regarded as the proper emotion. Naturally there were other sentiments expressed, like good luck, but not with much force, country people being great realists and recognising that no amount of luck could make a move to London anything but a severe blow. I felt sorry for myself with everyone feeling so sorry for me. 'It is a far worse life that you go to, boy, than you have ever known', said one joker. 'Dickens' said his friend.

I lay in the back of the open car and looked at the moon on the drive back to Swansea over the Black Mountain. At the summit we stood and looked back over Carmarthenshire and its thousand small fields, and then ahead over the coalfield and towards the sea and breathed the sweetest air there is and drove on through the mining villages singing old Welsh songs. On the day we drove away from Swansea for the last time—now persuaded that we were travelling to a remote jungle in which few survived, not just a city 190 miles up the road—a friend, a one-time European boxing champion, stopped us and took it upon himself to tell us that when economic disaster had forced him to work in London, he used to go home every month and needed to get blind drunk every time he got on the train for Paddington, otherwise he would never get on it. We offered our thanks for this cheerful message. Not at all, he said, shaking his head sadly. If he'd been a religious sort of man, no doubt he'd have crossed himself.

It is necessary to understand, for all this not to seem incomprehensibly maudlin, that people born in Swansea which, on the face of it, is just an average-sized town of mixed industry, a port for a coalfield with a polluted river, with monstrous slag heaps and ruined factories in its shallow valley, with sandy beaches, a rocky coastline—that they make a cult of the place. Even in Wales where most people make a cult of their birthplace, 'Swansea boys' irritate others to distraction by their romantic attitudes to the town. When the time comes for anyone to pack his traps and move

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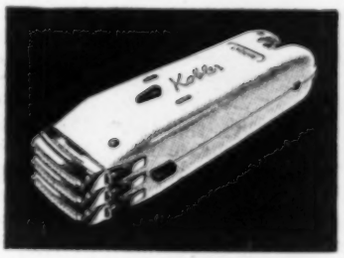

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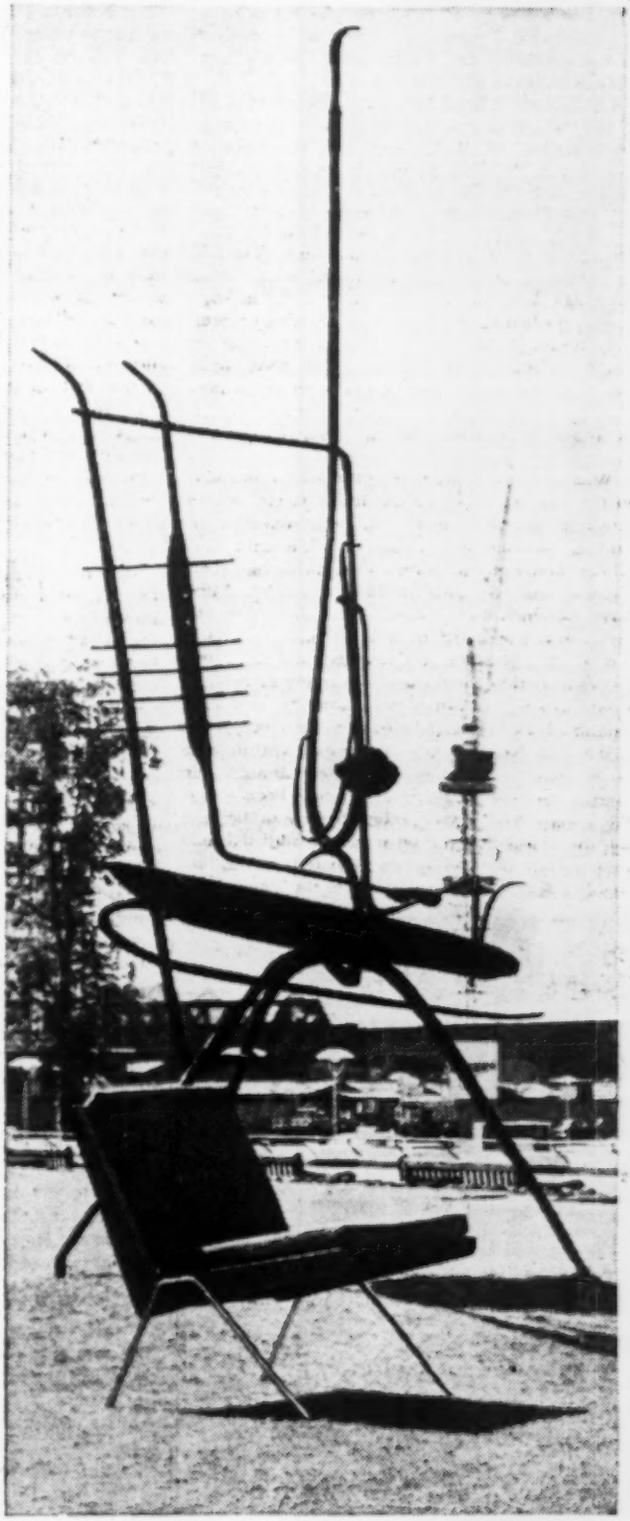

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away there's a sense of bereavement – his not the town's. Edward Thomas noted this half a century ago and remarked that Swansea was like a village with a population of a 100,000.

In Swansea we lived in a house with a view of the bay, which reaches for 20 miles in the shape of a horsehoe. W. S. Landor – it is this kind of thing which irritates people unbearably – compared it with the Bay of Naples. To the west we could see Gower and, at the right time of day, remarkable sunsets; to the south was the town on a narrow strip of land between the hill and the sea. To the east was the docks, the ships anchored among the derricks, the start of the industrial side where I used to live and which, with its belching chimneys and wasteland, was as impressive as the other view. Short of the Summer Isles from Achiltibuie, or the Maam Turk mountains, or set-pieces like Snowdonia from across the Menai, it always seemed to me a remarkable spectacle this bay. But, of course, this image at the doorstep wasn't the half of it: the attachment is to the football ground, the pubs in the dock, the town, the Gower, that you lived with the people you'd been born among, who were never short of something to say. In the evening the only sounds we could hear were ship's hooters or owls in the park.

The flat I live in now trembles when the underground trains roar by; traffic changes gear in the street below: dirt gathers on the windows. The view again is certainly remarkable. To the north, I take it, is Hampstead: those rolling hills to the south are, or so I'm told, the Sussex downs. To the east lies the great metropolis, and on the horizon St Paul's Cathedral and the Houses of Parliament. Jet planes roar directly over our heads, to New York, I suppose, or Rio or some other glittering capital city.

But because I don't like the taste of smog in my mouth while I'm being crushed by the battling mob on the tube, I wouldn't like to be thought of as denying the metropolitan dream. I'm sure it is here in a city still firmly on the Paris-New York-Moscow axis that great wits flash after dark, that glittering prizes are won and lost and lovely women stoop most often to folly. Young men and women, no doubt, still stride with the seven-league boots of ambition past the historic stones and along the streets that famous men have trod, now and again being jostled off the pavement or fending umbrellas out of their faces. I wouldn't like to be thought of as impervious to the charms of the Thames at dusk, except when the grit is blowing the wrong way from the power station, or the trees in autumn. In fact, I have trees outside my office window and barristers walking about dressed in a very traditional mode, and I can see church spires.

But think, I had cried, excusing my departure, of the concerts I can go to, the operas I can hear, even, if things get very dull, the plays to be seen. I was granted a point there, except that I was to think of the money you need to live in London, of how unfriendly the people are, not like us. Consider too how far you have to travel to a rugby match, not that there's any point in going to an English match, the play being so poor and gentlemanly. You need to wash more often in London, too. And think of the snare of falling into London habits of thinking – the intelligence and motives of metropolitan critics of anything being held in very low regard outside the metropolis. I will think, I said. I will watch that washing business with close care. And so I stand, dusting the smog from the window, and look out over the great city and the brilliant lights and think of the momentous events that march here, gently brainwashing myself, and think of the concerts, of the heart of empire, of the million houses across the wen and bear in mind the times of the trains from Paddington.

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The Arts and Entertainment

Cyrano Without Words

ROLAND PETIT is a man of parts. Director, choreographer and *premier danseur* for his own company, he manages each role with great dexterity. He is always bold and ambitious, ready to make experiments and innovations; he never panders to the public. In many ways he is the French counterpart to the American director, choreographer and ex-dancer, Jerome Robbins, who had such an extraordinary success when he brought his company here in the autumn. In both cases the appeal is to the younger generation, though with Petit it is a more instinctive overture. Robbins, on the other hand, is intellectual and conscious of his aims. In fact, I think he attracts, even more than the young things, the slightly older, who would like to feel they were once more in the swing. Having made a step forward in the patterning of movement, Robbins puts it over to his audience with so much American gusto that, in England, both critics and public have overestimated his importance. The reason for his triumph was, I think, that the audience became excited as by a revelation, but never in the least upset. It could feel comfortably satisfied with experiencing something new in the way of ballet; but the step was not so big that it ever shocked the conventional, or frightened the serious-minded. Robbins has created a type of gesture that comes half-way between the jazz school and the modern movement school. He has also created a mood of struggling, golden immaturity, and reasserted that, in dancing, youth is all.

Roland Petit has been doing this, and more, for the past 16 years. But because Robbins is neat and earnest in his attack he will always be over-rated in this country; while Petit, because he is a little too untidy and a little too imaginative, will always be under-rated. The Frenchman's ideas and forms of movement disturb the settled old ballet bog more deeply than those of Robbins: his effects are more simply romantic, less insistently intelligent. He is something more of an artist and something less of a craftsman.

Having said all this in favour of Petit, it is sad to relate that his new ballet, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, now running at the Adelphi, is not one of his greatest works. It is rather an interesting failure. The ballet starts with a basic incompatibility of subject and form: for Cyrano is above all a man of words, the subject of the story is words, yet not a word is spoken throughout the whole evening. Again, Petit's choreographic interpretation is inconsistent: it jumps awkwardly from pantomime comedy in the kitchen to heroic death on the battlefield. But there are patches of inspiration, the chief being Petit's playing of Cyrano. His suffering, humour and vitality, while he makes verbal love to the woman he adores in place of another man, light up every scene. He acts the grotesque part in a classically romantic style, and every minute one hopes he will burst into flowery, romantic verse; again, when the stupid Christian hesitates to go up to Roxane on the balcony, we wait in vain for him to hiss, '*Monte, animal!*'

The part of Christian is played with an excellently controlled humour by the handsome Georges Reich. But Colette Marchand is a Roxane lacking in magnetism. She dances with her usual expert charm; but there is no warmth in her emotional response to the two lovers: she is just a tough little piece of goods. Her costumes by Dior's successor, Yves Saint Laurent, would certainly handicap any woman; indeed all the women are handicapped by their commonplace, frippery dresses. Altogether the men are better served: they have the most delicately elegant acrobatic number in the kitchen, and the most lively battle-scene, set on a steep, cone-shaped ramp, over which the armies tumble and leap like herds of stampeding cattle. During this the music by Marius Constant becomes exciting, but most of the time it fades into obscurity. Martial grandeur is again the high spot of Basarte's *décor*, though throughout the six sets he maintains the bold standard we have come to expect of all Petit's designers.

It seems to me a mistaken policy for Ballets de Paris to have brought over only this one ballet. I would have certainly enjoyed seeing the company dance those frenzied visions – *Carmen, Le Loup, Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, for it is on these works chiefly that Petit's reputation as a first-rate choreographer rests.

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Partisans of the talking book already cast the record-player as the midwife of a cultural renaissance, that 'resuscitation of the author-scribe' recently predicted by Aldous Huxley, or that 'reconciliation between poetry and the comman man' which George Orwell, writing in 1945, expected from steam radio's promotion of the spoken word. Yet anyone exploring the cult in its English context may well be forgiven some scepticism about its literary value as he travels by ear through the weird hinterland of newly recorded voices, whose sleeves decorate the windows of the still-mushrooming record-shops. True, Mr Russ Conway and Mr Marty Wilde (whose platters sell by the million) compete for the attention of pre-Christmas shoppers with the Poet Laureate and Mr E. M. Forster (who will be lucky, I gather, if their discs find a thousand buyers a year). But beside these Grand Old Men loom up such bizarre standard-bearers of oral literature as Miss McKenna's sedate Moll, Miss Greenwood's sexy Alice and the late Tyrone Power's Byron. And few people in the trade seem to have any clear idea of the kind or size of audience which prefers, in an eye-obsessed age, to listen without looking and which buys long-playing culture in all its non-musical variety.

On investigation, however, I find that a big proportion of these customers don't live in Viewers' Britain but exist outside the range of television, earnestly trying to improve their English with the help of the record companies' catalogues. Among the results of the vast post-war changes in Africa and Asia are educational programmes in which learning English – as the key to power and knowledge – plays a leading role. Textbooks of English teaching are already established as best-sellers overseas. Now the long-playing record spins into this immense new market, with its freight of famous names. Mr Harvey J. Usill of Argo Records tells me that 40 per cent. of his LPs are sold overseas. Among them, I suppose, go the 16 Shakespeare plays recorded by Argo for the British Council, with anonymous actors directed by George Rylands. About 12,500 sets have been sold at home and abroad in eighteen months, and now all are being recorded in stereophonic sound. Their communication of the verse generally stands in welcome contrast with the kind of stage Shakespeare apparently designed to be seen and not heard.

Many of these Shakespearean records are sold, of course, at home – especially to schools. Educational authorities at large are realising the value of tape-recorders and gramophones in teaching children how to understand other languages and enjoy their own, and British schools supply the record companies with a rapidly expanding market. Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley of Jupiter Recordings (a small firm with a discriminating list) tells me that in two counties practically all the schools use his 'Junior anthology' of spoken verse, which has become the unofficial equivalent of a 'set book'. Half Jupiter's sales are made directly to schools, and Mr Clinton-Baddeley suspects that about half the rest reach the same destination. Larger companies eagerly address this juvenile market, in and out of school. Among recent offerings are a two-disc selection from *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* (Caedmon, TC 0998/9), spoken – with a deal of Poetry Voice – by Claire Bloom, Eric Portman and John Neville; an excellent two-disc *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* (Argo, RG 180/1), with a cast of veteran BBC voices admirably led by Jane Asher, a little girl happily free of Little-Girlery; and *Mother Goose* (Caedmon, TC 1091), in which Boris Karloff, Cyril Ritchard and Celeste Holm deliver an oddly arranged bunch of nursery rhymes with a strong American flavour and a perceptible appeal to the sniggery brand of parent. In the Caedmon list *Mother Goose* and *Grimm's Fairy Tales* share the top-selling honours with Dylan Thomas and Molly Bloom's filleted soliloquy from *Ulysses* (spoken by Siobhan McKenna on Caedmon, TC 1063). I find, too, that some of the more mystifying records on the market have been made with schools in mind. Mr Usill tells me that he visualised 'what is roughly called the sixth-form level' as the audience for *Delight* (Argo, RG 159), in which J. B. Priestley rumbles with most entertaining expertise through fifteen essays from his book of that name; and E. M. Forster's reading of *What I Believe* and *The Road from Colonus* (Argo, RG 153) was 'definitely aimed' at the grammar school and university library.

Scholars in any stream, of any age, ought to be grateful for the chance of hearing Sir Ralph Richardson reading 'The Ancient Mariner' – a mesmerising experience provided by *The Poetry of Coleridge* (Caedmon, TC 1092). James Mason's intelligent delivery of 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb' – in *The Poetry of Browning* (Caedmon, TC 1048) – is also likely to inspire a sense of rediscovery, though the rest of the record is marred for me by obtrusive characterisation in a grease-paint-voice, distracting attention from the poet's words to the actor's technique – an occupational fault of invisible players on disc. Yet many of the people who buy these records, I suspect, buy them because of the speakers rather than the poets.

The personality cult also influences the manufacture and sale of current records where no actor intervenes between the author and the public. It is the brand-name which sells the product. In listening to John Masefield's *The Story of Ossian* (Argo, RG 178), where the octogenarian Laureate plods impressively onwards through his clichés of Irish legend, it is the man rather than the poetry that engages one's attention. And why on earth should *anyone* want to listen to Arthur Miller's dismally embarrassing and boring reading from *Death of a Salesman* and *The Crucible* (Argo, RG 154), in which all the characters sound exactly the same?

A few authors are, of course, brilliant performers of their own work – like J. B. Priestley and Frank O'Connor, who reads two short stories on Caedmon (TC 1036); and scores of others can be heard on discs and tapes made in France, Germany and the USA but not easily available over here through commercial channels. (Many are preserved in the invaluable archives of the British Institute of Recorded Sound.) Signs of the times, perhaps, are the Marvell Press's projected 'Listenbooks', which will include new poems in print and in voice, on a seven-inch disc recorded by the author and bound up with the book; Jupiter Recordings' competition for an unpublished poem on a contemporary theme, to be recorded in their next anthology for schools; and the possibility of recording as slowly as 8½ r.p.m., and thus slicing the cost and volume of

talking books. Yet recorded prose and poetry at the moment is a branch of show business rather than literature; and it seems unlikely that in that business anyone in the near future will approach the success of Dylan Thomas, who helped to start the boom. One record alone – of *Under Milk Wood* – has done over twice as well as the whole Shakespearean library-on-discs.

RICHARD FINDLATER

A Stick in the Dark

WHATEVER else you don't do, do go and see Frank Auerbach's 15 new paintings at the Beaux Arts Gallery. Six of them are of a woman lying naked on a bed; another six are of London building sites; and three are of Primrose Hill. All of them have been much worked on so that the paint is thick, uneven, turgid. Obvious influences are, indirectly Rembrandt, directly Bomberg. Many may be tempted to dismiss these original works as muddy, churned-up failures. Such people, however, will be those who are unaware of the nature of painting, familiar only with styles as they are filed in the sales-catalogues of modern art.

All these works have an extraordinary physical presence. That's why I said naked instead of nude. She is there on her bed. You, by looking and not disturbing her, cease to be a stranger. The building sites are damp. The mud clings. The tarpaulins are heavy with moisture. The light in the sky is far less comforting than a cup of tea. Do I make the paintings sound literal? Of course I do. It is the curse of words in this context. They are not literal. They are physically real partly because Auerbach has learnt to search by drawing, partly because he understands the intimidating limitations of painting. Let me explain what I mean by that, for it concerns the heart of the problem with which every true painter now has to struggle, and with which we've seen Auerbach struggling for several years.

His earlier works were mud-coloured, inches thick. They looked as if they had been painted in the dark with a candle and a stick. When I first saw them, I recognised the strength of the drawings that accompanied them, but I was unconvinced by the paintings themselves. I now see, in the light of this new exhibition, that they were an essential step in Auerbach's development. Every painter now has to settle for himself the genesis point of his own art. Some choose geometry, for instance. Auerbach chose the density of his pigment. He began with the nearest that a painter can get to substance. Whatever the artist chooses for his genesis will seem inadequate. It will always be like trying to build a house with matchsticks. But it is this inadequacy that he then pushes against. Maybe for years. Always aware of the richness of life and the poorness of art. And then suddenly the inadequacy becomes an advantage. He has turned it to his purpose. The inert deadness of the mud in Auerbach's earlier paintings becomes eloquent now about the weather and the depth dug in the building sites, just as in the nudes it becomes eloquent about the substance of flesh. If an artist inherits a tradition, his development is made much easier. Here and now no artist inherits a tradition. Consequently he faces two dangers with only his own obstinacy to help him. He can be misled into trying to imitate life. Imitation amounts to no more than a salesman's gimmick: it merely stimulates one's appetite for the real thing. Or else he can be misled into subjectivity. As far as I am concerned the matches are logs, he says to himself, and so happily plays with them and tells

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JOHN BERGER

Ibsen at the Court

IBSEN is becoming increasingly difficult to stage. Since the burning issues no longer glow so brightly, the audience's interest is less partisan or outraged than detached, curious. And this detachment usually grows by the text it feeds on: the standard translations are stiff, unreal, blunting. George Devine's able production of *Rosmersholm* (Royal Court), however, has the initial advantage of a new, remarkably flexible translation by Ann Jellicoe which preserves a delicate balance between nineteenth-century formality and the more off-hand style of contemporary talk. (She has done the job so well she might easily have spared us her didactic little programme note.)

But then *Rosmersholm* has peculiar advantages of its own. It comes lateish in the Ibsen canon when, with his battles largely won, he was less concerned with social causes than with human profundity. The politics are still there, the reactionaries still fight it out with the progressives, but the morality is no longer in clear black and white. The conservative Kroll may be rigid, violent and, to a degree, hateful, but he is still Rosmer's friend. In the name of friendship he forgets his principles enough to return to Rosmersholm against his oath. This might have seemed both more significant and moving had Mark Dignam toned down his political caricature of the evil Tory enough to suggest the incipient tenderness between the two men. Similarly, Peter Mortensgard may be on the side Ibsen admired, but he is political to the point of corruption, so much less interested in morality than expediency that he has become an inhuman political machine, whose ruthlessness John Blatchley finely substantiated.

The real struggle is not between opposed causes but between those who are closest: Rosmer, Rebecca and the place itself. In the Royal Court production, it is Rosmer who comes off best. A good man may be hard to find, but he is even harder to act. Yet without the least wavering, Eric Porter managed to create the impression of a goodness that was neither innocence nor willed virtue but a natural and contagious gentleness that had survived his frozen marriage and was now relaxing in such tentative freedom as it could find. He never once succumbed to the devils of priggishness, didacticism or weakness. Considering the temptations, one can't say better than that. In comparison, Dame Peggy Ashcroft seemed much less convincing. Granted, Rebecca is an extremely difficult part, perhaps the most complex Ibsen created. She is the new woman, clever, passionate, impulsive, yet, despite every appearance of freedom, under appalling pressure of guilt: she has driven Rosmer's wife to suicide and probably slept with her own father. Intellectually, in her reading and style, she is as free as the air; but she can't act. When she gets what she wants – Rosmer – she is paralysed. Dame Peggy gave a carefully studied performance, but of a subdued, twilit Rebecca. She suffered and was remorseful; at the climax her gestures were pathetically helpless, like those of some captive; but she seemed to lack altogether the girl's inner power and compulsion. In place of tragic strength Dame Peggy substituted gentility. She moved, of course, with great dignity, but her resolutely modulated voice remained perilously close to the merely genteel. In the end, she was destroyed not by the clash between her own guilt and the superstitions of Rosmersholm, with its white horses and trolls from the unconscious; she seemed, instead, more a victim of social snobberies. But then, since the Rosmer family portraits appeared to include those of Dostoevsky, Schubert, Laud and Katherine Parr, one can't blame her.

The Old Vic's *Richard II* is another pedestrian production to add to their already pedestrian season. It has its good things, of course. John Justin, for example, makes no bones about Richard's effeminacy and that, curiously enough, makes a good deal more sense out of the King's more tiresomely mannered speeches than the usual poet *manqué* interpretation: at first they are merely games of wit; later, when his character darkens and strengthens, they are jagged, strained, despairing. Unhappiness, however perverse, makes better drama than a touch of the poetaster. George Baker is powerful, if somewhat unvarying, as Bolingbroke; Robert Harris does well by Gaunt's dying speech, and Maggie Smith, as the Queen, chirps in that queer voice of hers with considerable delicacy. But the shoddiness of detail in Val May's production was extraordinary. A group of apparently spavined soldiers shuffled on and off looking grim. The minor, and not so minor, actors registered fear, hate, contempt or pleasure with as much subtlety as the villains of early silent films; when not immediately involved, they registered nothing. Judging from the noise they made, the scene-shifters enjoyed themselves. Really, it's about time the Old Vic stopped treating Shakespeare as just another boring cultural chore; for if they don't take him seriously, who will?

The appeal of *The World of Suzie Wong* (Prince of Wales) is something like *Lolita's*: the fascination of watching those delicate little Chinese creatures, with their nymphets' figures and piping treble voices, discuss the number of sailors they have slept with. Otherwise it is just a standard American musical without the music. And I defy anyone to think of anything worse than that.

A. ALVAREZ

Documentary

IT'S a dull word, and so too are most of the products it shelters. In theory there is no reason why, at all times, a cinema rooted in realism and poetry should not rival the fictional shadow-show: no reason except a pin-headed film industry, a conditioned public, and – it must be admitted – scarcely enough talent and convictions to go round. More human contact being needed, the realist today seeks his salvation in Free Cinema or, if he fancies the bigger chance, in some kind of neo-Realism. This week accident has brought us documentary on three levels: poetic muck-raking, high-minded documentary of the old kind, and popular near-fiction. The first, despite faults, is far and away the most striking.

The Savage Eye (Curzon), reviewed in these columns when it was shown at Edinburgh, is that of the camera which, under the direction of Joseph Strick (*Muscle Beach* – and sundry hack pieces), has hunted alarmingly down skid row, beauticians' parlours, all-in wrestling, a faith-heal-

ing service, a queers' club, strip tease, to say nothing of shop windows, airports, and street corners: the method of *On the Bowery* intensified to a wider field. Moreover it has been dramatised. Behind dark spectacles, a woman arrives at the airport. She never speaks but she thinks aloud, and dialogues between her and her guardian angel everywhere accompany her; she being in that, to an angel, interesting condition of ex-wife not yet fully divorced. She is verging on middle age, and is fêted by, and finally gives in to, a middle-aged boy. Then she has that car crash which is the fate of every unhappy heroine, and muzzily wins through.

The enlightenment hardly grips. Too much chat-in-the-head? But would the film have been as effective without? For all its imposition the dramatising is worth double the usual commentary, however well done, and we must take *The Savage Eye* as it is: scarifying, rapt, sad, overdone, but far more attached to life than all but a few films with a less one-sided view. It has tried to add another dimension, and if it has failed, the possibility remains.

The first film from UNO, Thorold Dickinson's *Power Among Men*, uses the conventional documentary means to impress on us, from four quarters the importance of using power to construct and not to destroy. Its intentions are admirable, but it lacks the very power it seeks to instil in others. The four episodes relate the rebuilding of a village near Monte Cassino, peasants in Haiti being taught the elements of husbandry, the irrigation of a wilderness in Canada, and a doubtful bee-keeper in Norway being reassured about the activities of the atomic research station over the hill. This last episode, which should clinch the whole, unfortunately quite fails to grip; so that we are left with a bunch of memories, some instructive and some beautiful, but the theme is never driven home. This film will not be shown in cinemas, and frankly – despite earnestness and charm – could not stand up to it without much strengthening.

The FBI Story (Warners) shows how tepidly a good subject can be treated and get by with the help of a few spectacles of violence and Mr James Stewart delivering a lecture which impartially picks out highlights in the development of FBI and his own home life as one of its stalwarts. We get glimpses of Klu Klux Klan, Dillinger, Russian spies; but the cavalcade, in Technicolor and sugar-coated, is as tame as any film with this subject could well be.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Writing about Viewing

DR EDWARD R. MURROW'S British Association lecture on television and politics already seems destined to be an anthology piece in the growing corpus of TVological (? teleopticological) scripture. It appears, for instance, in the current issue of the *Twentieth Century* (a special number devoted to television) and also in *Dons or Crooners?*, a booklet containing the text of the three lectures, delivered in Guildhall and subsequently broadcast in shortened versions on ITV, of which Dr Murrow's was the second. Either or both of these publications would make admirable material for a WEA week-end school or discussion-group on the problems of communication.

The Murrow canon is to be found in its purest form in *Dons or Crooners?*, a handsome Shenval exercise with a gaudy cover (removable to disclose a chaste, scholarly-looking cover), published by Granada TV and good value at 3s. 6d. for 111 pages, with assorted illustrations: diagram of the principles of Pulse Code Modulation; Nixon seen during his coast-to-coast demonstration of the indispensability of a cocker spaniel, Checkers; drawing by Robert Hooke (1667) of the head and thorax of a flea.

Besides Murrow, *Dons or Crooners?* contains lectures by Sir Edward Appleton, FRS, and Sir Eric Ashby. Sir Edward's is highly technical, yet readable with only slight skipping by the layman, for he constantly explains in plain words what he means. Thus, he compares overseas telegraphy with air transport because it goes fast *en route* but time is wasted at each end: messages are prepared and delivered by relatively slow-witted human beings, but 'only 15 seconds elapse between the transmission of a 25-word message from London, as perforated tape, and its completed reception in printed tape form in Australia'.

He also softens us up for 'binary digital signals', etc., by piquantly relevant anecdotes – *e.g.*, his story of a mid-Victorian lecture on the telephone by Sir William Preece of the Post Office. Preece had selected for his demonstration the tune of 'The Campbells are coming'. The poet Tennyson was present in the audience and was asked to listen. 'I hear nothing at all', he said gruffly. Preece put the telephone to his own ear and said 'Oh, I hear quite distinctly "The Campbells are coming" '. But the Army bandsman who had been engaged to play at the sending end of the circuit had got the date wrong and turned up a night later.

Sir Eric's lecture I find slightly less satisfactory, not because of its content, which again includes some fascinating historical data (T. H. Huxley on craftsmanship in science: 'If the most nimble-fingered watchmaker among you will come into my workshop, he may set me to put a watch together, and I will set him to dissect, say, a black-beetle's nerves. . . I am inclined to think that I shall manage my job to his satisfaction sooner than he will do his piece to mine'), but because of its initial manner, with its arch and condescending evocation of a rootless working man, 'Ron Blossom' (who, when he sees a trick of popularised science, 'exclaims "Cripes" '). One feels that Sir Eric was talking down to his audience, and it was perhaps a mistake to use for the whole booklet his 'bright' and catchpenny title, with its unconsciously archaic flavour – 'crooner' being a 1930ish period word now mainly used by elderly gents trying to sound modern.

TOM DRIBERG

Brecht Recital, at the Festival Hall

Presumably the arrival of a group of artists from the Deutsches Theater in East Berlin on the same day as Dr Adenauer was not quite a coincidence. One purpose, at least, of their visit was to show the flag (the display of the Hammer and Compasses emblem, as at the Festival Hall, would have provoked a diplomatic incident elsewhere). Still, this was all in the game as Brecht played it, and we were the beneficiaries. Ernst Busch sang the *Solomon-Song*, *In Memory of Marie A.* and other songs magnificently, to settings by Kurt Weill and Hanns Eisler: perhaps we may never again hear Mackie's and Peachum's songs sung with the authentic cynical gusto of Twenties Berlin. In comparison, Gisela May's rendering of Jenny's Song, though competent, was an understudying of Lotte Lenya at thirty years' remove. At least half the audience appeared to be ex-German-speaking, but the readings from Brecht's poems and the *Keuner Stories* probably communicated even to those quite innocent of German. Wolfgang Langhoff, director of the Deutsches Theater, read the famous *Of poor B.B.* with the clinical detachment Brecht himself employed in reading poetry. One was reminded of W. H. Auden as an undergraduate at

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Oxford 'picking up every word with a pair of forceps'. Yet the evening was often deeply moving, and was a great and deserved triumph for Wolfgang Langhoff and his fellow artists, many of whom knew Brecht intimately.

Whether it was a suitable presentation of Brecht's work to the non-initiate, I'm not so sure. That the songs should come off so well when removed from their context in the plays is surely disturbing; this is an aspect of Brecht's dramaturgy which the dramatic critics who hailed *The Hostage* as 'Brechtian' might think twice about. And the mood seemed often dangerously nostalgic. The early songs have a seductive appeal, but straight readings from the plays or the poetry might give a better idea of Brecht's contemporary relevance. But the Deutsches Theater has put all English Brechtians in its debt, and, let's hope, made further converts.

J. M.

The Modern Jazz Quartet, at the Royal Festival Hall

Returning after two years' absence the Modern Jazz Quartet had a packed hall raving on 21 November. Their technique is as flawless as ever, their presence splendidly like a *New Yorker* advertisement: the ceremonious John Lewis on piano; Kay on drums, a brown tiger half-looking over his shoulder; Jackson, a lab assistant setting-up complex emotional experiments on the vibes; Heath on bass, a Greco grandee with a dash of cynicism. Lewis remains the most talented jazz composer since Ellington. He now seems to be moving from an unsuitable ideal of eighteenth-century formalism towards the nineteenth century, which provides more scope for jazz feeling, including sarcasm. He also plays the piano as Babel wrote stories, by leaving out as much as he can; but that is not so uncommon. Milt Jackson plays wonderfully, especially in the gospel-inspired 'Pyramid'. It was a mistake to bring two British guest-musicians, Ross and Harriott, in. Outsiders playing with the MJQ must either dominate it, which these could not, or fit in, which requires more than a half-day's rehearsal with so integrated and tight and magnificent a group.

F. N.

Katya Kabanova, at Sadler's Wells

Anyone who missed Janacek's masterpiece in 1951 and 1954 should make no mistake this time. There is no more gripping opera: a straight-from-the-shoulder presentation of a slice of life, it packs into less than two hours the maximum of human passion and emotional tension, using the most direct musical medium – lyrical melody.

In this revival, the score as a whole achieves its full impact under the dynamic direction of Charles Mackerras, but the individual parts are realised by the singers with varying success. As Katya, Marie Collier creates a strong impression, with her fiery temperament and rich, vibrant voice: she would do well, however, not to press her tone so persistently, as her *forte* tends towards shrillness; so would Marion Studholme, whose neat impersonation of Barbara only suffers from an occasional hard-edged phrase. Monica Sinclair's Kabanicha is excellently sung, but she does not so much act as caricature the part; and the same may be said of the Dikoy of Stanislav Pieczora. Most successful among the men, vocally and dramatically, is Kevin Miller as Vanya; least successful is William McAlpine, who needs to sing and act much more forcefully if the hero, Boris, is not to remain a mere shadow.

D. C.

A Man's Job, at the Arts Theatre

In Ferdinand Bruckner's *A Man's Job*, a rich widow, who married for money, tries in turn to buy her stepson, so that he may pass on his message of redemption to the world. But this promising Freudian head of steam is released in a series of shrill whistles which destroy its motive power for the plot. The players are left clinging to their lines, and only Mary Kerridge survives the evening. It is part of the mystery of language that such dialogue would probably sound quite natural in German; but surely stronger arguments than this are needed for a translated play.

R. N.

Correspondence

POLITICAL WARFARE

SIR, – In his review of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick's *The Inner Circle*, R. H. S. Crossman refers to 'those weekly psychological warfare directives which Ritchie Calder produced under the supervision of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart'. I emphatically did not. As Director of Plans, I produced *political* warfare directives.

This is not a quibble about words. There is a world of difference, and Crossman, of all people, ought to know it. When the Political Warfare Executive was set up, its motives, as well as its methods, were clearly defined. Policy was to make propaganda, and propaganda was not to make policy. It was made plain that the Second World War was a 'war of ideas, which had begun before the shooting war and would go on after the shooting had ended'. We modified Clausewitz's dictum 'War is the extension of policy by other means' to read 'Policy shall be the extension of war by other means'. In other words, we were supposed to count the political consequences, as well as to exploit propaganda, or psychological, situations.

Psychological warfare was, by British definition, a tactical instrument of political warfare strategy. The Americans made no such distinction. I thought then that this was a portentous mistake and I think now that the portents have been confirmed.

In military field operations, 'psychological warfare' was appropriate – to seize and exploit morale weaknesses of the enemy. Perhaps it was Crossman's long association with the military as Deputy Director of the Psychological Warfare branches of AFHQ and SHAEF which blurred the distinction; but I would remind him that the political warfare 'annexes' to military operational plans included not only detailed proposals for psychological warfare exploitation but appraisals of political consequences as well.

Every political warfare directive was approved by the Foreign Office, endorsed by Eden, and, by that token, carried the authority of the War Cabinet. Some of us regarded our propaganda as 'the Unwritten Treaty' and thought that our promises and pledges would be honoured and not treated as cynical expediency. True, 'unconditional surrender' was categorical enough to preclude an 'unwritten treaty' with the enemy, but our friends in the resistance movements accepted our word as our commitment – and, in the event, found how credulous they had been.

If it had been merely 'psychological warfare', then we could now be as cynical as the ingenious and devious methods we then employed, but since it was 'political warfare' we carry a heavy responsibility for the political consequences in the post-war world.

May I say that I was on Kirkpatrick's side in keeping the BBC immaculate so that, as Crossman says, it became a propaganda instrument which finally 'induced all Europe to rely on London for its news'. And for its hopes.

RITCHIE CALDER

The Gables
Belmont, Surrey

NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR, – Since the Oxford University Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has been prevented by proctorial ban from organising a march from Brize Norton to Oxford on Sunday, 29 November, it is hoped that students from other universities and colleges all over England will take part that Sunday in a similar one-day march organised by the Oxford Area Campaign, protesting against the continuation of H-bomber patrol flights taking place round-the-clock from the USAF/RAF base at Brize Norton, Oxfordshire, and at the same time vindicate the democratic right of students everywhere to protest against policies they hold to be morally and rationally indefensible.

The one-day march, to be preceded by a 24-hour vigil, will leave the Carterton Gate of the Brize

Norton base at 10 a.m., after a short service and reach Oxford about 6 p.m.

Reception has been arranged in Oxford at the Friends' Meeting House, St Giles, Oxford, from 7 p.m. onwards on 28 November. There will be overnight accommodation but marchers should bring bedding. Coaches will leave St Giles for the base at 9 a.m. on Sunday morning. Seats bookable. Leaflets and further information from the Secretary, 88 Southfield Road, Oxford.

A. J. P. TAYLOR, IRIS MURDOCH, MARY WARNOCK, CHRISTOPHER HILL, CHARLES TAYLOR

SCRAMBLING

SIR,—I was most interested to read the article on 'scrambling' which appeared in a recent issue. Some four years ago I was approached by my local club, the Southampton and District Motorcycle Club, who had just been turned off their traditional scramble ground and were desperate for somewhere to go. I was luckily able to find a suitable piece of land at Beaulieu where during recent years we have had two or three very successful meetings every season.

In spite of objections by local residents in advance of the first meeting, no complaints have been received subsequently, and I can testify that no damage has been done, or nuisance caused, either by the 'scramblers' or by the spectators. The organising club, moreover, are most meticulous in clearing any mess after each meeting.

I would like to support the call for greater recognition of this most excellent sport. It is not generally realised that the great stumbling block is the present Sunday Observance laws, which prevent the organisers from charging admission; they have to rely on money derived from car parks. Both the participants and spectators are generally people who work till Saturday midday, and therefore it is impossible to hold a meeting on any other day of the week. Nor is it possible to charge £1 for car parking as Polo organisers can so easily do.

MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

SIR,—I was horrified to read John Berger's plea for a greater recognition and encouragement of the sport of scrambling in his article entitled 'The Hero'.

His 'heroes' bring their noisy, dangerous motor cycles into the peace and quiet of the hills and country lanes and destroy the pleasure of those of us who like to enjoy the older sport or pastime of rambling. As their machines bump and slither up the stony, muddy tracks, we walkers must jump aside lest we, too, become premature heroes. Their machines churn the mud to squelch and dislodge the stones and make the surface of the lanes and paths more uncomfortable for the walker.

No, far from encouraging these youths, I would prohibit them from using public roads and paths for their sport. If they want to pursue their sport, let these 'working-class lads' who, from Berger's report, can afford the quite high cost of scrambling, spend a little more money and buy themselves some land where they can construct their hazards and take their pleasure without interfering in the pleasure of other working-class lads and old 'uns.

LEONARD COHEN

112 Wythenshawe Road
Manchester

THE REICHSTAG FIRE

SIR,—I would recommend Critic to read on this subject a book by Hans Bernd Gisevius the English title of which is: *To The Bitter End* (Cape, 1948). Gisevius was particularly well qualified as an observer for he was, although an anti-Nazi, a newly recruited member of the Gestapo at the time of the fire, and he was inquisitive and determined enough to uncover a good many secrets in the offices on the Prinz Albrechtstrasse. The story of the part played by Lubbe in the fire is long, complicated and, in certain details, a matter of conjecture. Gisevius, however, makes these points, and supplies much evidence to support them:

(1) The Reichstag fire was started by Marinus van

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der Lubbe, a Dutch ex-Communist, but he was assisted, though this was concealed from him, by a small group of SA incendiarists, organised by Brigade Leader Karl Ernst and led by Storm Leader Heini Gewehr.

(ii) The Reichstag fire had already been planned when Lubbe arrived in Berlin, which he did only ten days before the outbreak. As a Communist pamphleteer and amateur incendiarist, he was picked on by the SA as a heaven-sent scapegoat for the enterprise. His full co-operation was assured by beatings, drugs, and hypnotism.

(iii) Goebbels, not Goering, was the instigator of the plot, and had the preliminary discussions with Ernst.

(iv) None of the SA incendiarists lived long. One of them, Rall, was choked to death by the Gestapo for 'talking', and few of the others survived 30 June. Heini Gewehr died on the eastern front.

The evidence given by Gisevius makes it hard to believe that the fire was the work of Lubbe alone; at the time the investigating police experts were of the opinion that no one man could possibly have done it.

V. C. HUNTER

Pantlludw,
Machynlleth
Montgomeryshire

SIR,—It was with great interest that I read in the London Diary that *Der Spiegel*, referring to the Reichstag fire, claims that the famous Brown Books had been based on faked documents 'manufactured' in Paris by Willi Munzenberg and Otto Katz.

As I was one of the 'dupes' who collected parts of those documents in Berlin and brought them over to Paris, I can only say that those were given to me by German Social democratic and Communist workers, and if 'manufactured' they were done so in Germany.

Yet, is it likely that in those days after the Reichstag fire, the hounded workers would, in peril of their lives, disorganised, without leaders, have fabricated false documents? Also, the Brown Books did not concern themselves only with the Reichstag fire, they revealed for the first time the horrors of the Nazi methods, and this at a time when the rulers of the democratic countries were unwilling to believe in them. It is the fashion, I know, nowadays to whitewash the Nazis, but calling the Brown Books fake is, I think, going a bit too far.

CATHERINE KAROLYI

Vence, A.M.

IRISH EDUCATION

SIR,—Just to get the record straight—Ireland is a democracy. Ultimate responsibility for defects in education rests, not with the Church, but with the government. I have made this clear in *Reform in Education*: I do blame the *successive governments* for not addressing themselves seriously to the problem of education in this country (p. 6). This is further borne out by the fact that it was, as you stated, the private secretary of the Minister of Education who accused me of a number of inaccuracies in the article in the *Sunday Press* to which you refer: it was no representative of the Church. You might have added that in a subsequent letter I replied to the Minister's charges and reiterated my facts. I go back on nothing that I said myself. But you cannot reasonably expect me to hold myself responsible for your interpretation of what I said.

JOHN O'MEARA

University College
Dublin

SIR,—Permit me to protest against the aspersions cast by Critic in his Dublin Letter (7.11.59) upon the Christian Brothers as a body of educationists who inculcate 'a knowledge of Catholic doctrine, and not much else'. No doubt in Ireland the educational achievements of the Christian Brothers have of late been diminished by reason of the imposition of Gaelic upon the curriculum, yet even so they are still considerable. Where, however, the Brothers are free from this intolerable incubus, in the competitive

field of education they can hold their own with any other agency and surpass most. Among their old boys are numbered many atheists of distinction.

It may well be, as Critic insinuates, that the majority of them believe in Christianity, but this is an indulgence which may reasonably be accorded to members of a religious order.

ROBERT NICHOLL

Kuching
Sarawak

DRAMATIC OPINIONS

SIR,—I observe that your highly intellectual dramatic critic recommends *Aunt Edwina* to all readers of the NEW STATESMAN who ride regularly to hounds.

While grateful for this recommendation, I deplore its narrow-mindedness. Because a play is written with a hunting background it does not limit its appeal to hunting people. Would he also recommend *Hamlet* to all royal readers of the NEW STATESMAN? Or *French Without Tears* to all education officers and professors of foreign languages? Or *Irma la Douce* to all those prostitutes who subscribe to the NEW STATESMAN? Or even *Now Barabbas* to all homosexuals?

Is it not possible that whereas all intellectuals are no doubt equal, some are more broadminded than others. One likes to think your critic will develop in this way. Otherwise he can scarcely expect his readers to accept his opinion that *Aunt Edwina* is not a funny play, since narrowmindedness and humour make such strange bedfellows that they never tuck up together.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME

Travellers' Club
Pall Mall
SW1

SIR,—I have always been a warm admirer of Mr Alvarez when he is criticizing poetry. When he writes of the theatre, I confess that I find our ideas frequently clash—but then that, I suppose, is the essence of critical argument. Mr Lindsay Anderson and myself have also had our differences—both in speech, and in print in this journal. But, having read Mr Alvarez's strictures on John Arden's play and Mr. Milne's—as I cannot help feeling—justly exasperated letter of 14 November, I would like to place it on record that, having seen *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* on its last afternoon, I regard it, with the exception of Brendan Behan's *The Hostage*, as the finest piece of contemporary literature that has recently been offered in the English theatre.

I agree with your correspondent that this play, admirably produced by Mr Anderson, was not an after-dinner pastime. It is a remarkable sermon about England and the English—and, as such, has already received the customary decorous burial at the hands of England's intellectuals. I only hope that Mr Alvarez's remarks did not deflect any of your readers from visiting the Royal Court Theatre while there was yet time to witness this exciting and original work of art.

JOHN RAYMOND

Reform Club
Pall Mall
SW1

LES NÈGRES

SIR,—I find it difficult to square Mr Alvarez's account of Jean Genet's *Les Nègres* with either the published text of the play or the very distinguished performance which is now being given in Paris under the direction of Roger Blin.

So far from being 'written out of anger and a sense of absurdity' the play seems to me, and has been taken by most French critics, to address itself to the errors and aspirations of both sides in Africa with a compassionate understanding which restores to the theatre something of its ancient stature as the interpreter of human destiny. So far from being 'the theatre of nihilism', it has much that is wise and constructive to say about the problems which will arise as one domination gives place to another. Above all, it detects that within the 'antipathy' to which Mr Alvarez refers there are elements of love. Genet's 'personal ticks' (sic) are decidedly not the subject of the play; nor is his object to 'reduce the infuriating order of things to rubble'. The lesson of the play, as of what is happening now in Africa, is that the old order of things *will* be reduced to rubble, whether we like it or not: and that what matters is that the new order should offer fewer affronts to human dignity.

But Mr Alvarez would seem to have found the play altogether rather hard to follow. Its main *motif* is not, as he thinks, the murder of a white *man;* it is made clear in almost every other line that a white woman is the victim. Nor does he seem to have noticed that the central episode is not the commonplace murder evoked in his review, but something which turns almost involuntarily into an act of love, and is saluted as such by the actors on the stage. Anyone who can so mis-read the action of the play can hardly be expected to excel in its interpretation.

VERA LINDSAY

23 Acacia Road
NW8

[*A. Alvarez writes:* I freely admit I found *Les Nègres* difficult. But so, by their own confession, did all the Parisian theatre critics. Unlike Vera Lindsay, I did not have the advantage of having read the text beforehand, but I had heard her appreciation of the play on the BBC's Third Programme *Comment*. I went, therefore, prepared for a new, unexpectedly humane and mature Genet. But I did not find him. The play, by all means, is powerful, the acting and direction extraordinary. But Genet is still at the mercy of his own destructive cleverness. His serious statements seemed more than offset by the deliberate and obscene farce and by his compulsive trick of quasi-metaphysical paradox. After all, *clownerie* is his description of the piece, not mine.—Ed., NS]

EDWIN MUIR

SIR,—An international appeal is being launched to create an Edwin Muir Memorial Fund. The sponsors include R. A. Butler, T. S. Eliot, Neil Gunn, the Marquis of Lothian, Sir Compton Mackenzie, the Earl of Selkirk—and, in the US, Lionel Trilling and Professor Herbert Faulkner West.

Chairman of the committee of management of the fund is Lord Guthrie. The fund will be administered without expense, and its purpose is to create a permanent memorial to the poet—the exact nature of which will be decided by the committee when subscriptions have been received—and also to meet the essential needs of the late Mr Muir's family, so far as possible and so far as necessary.

Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Edwin Muir Memorial Appeal, 37 Frederick Street, Edinburgh.

NEIL MCCALLUM
Hon. Secretary
Edwin Muir Memorial Fund

PAX AND FAINS

SIR,—At the independent school I attended 'pax' and 'fains' were equally common expressions, but had quite different meanings. 'Pax' was a call for truce, whereas 'fains' meant 'I refuse to take it' or 'I refuse to do it'. The word was used as the opposite of 'bags', and the last member of the group to shout it was saddled with the unwanted article or the unpopular job.

I believe that this is still the recognised meaning of 'fains' in independent schools, at any rate, among girls. Those I teach most commonly use it in this sense, but are also acquainted with its other meaning—which I was not until I read the reviews of the Opies' book.

C. A. SMITH

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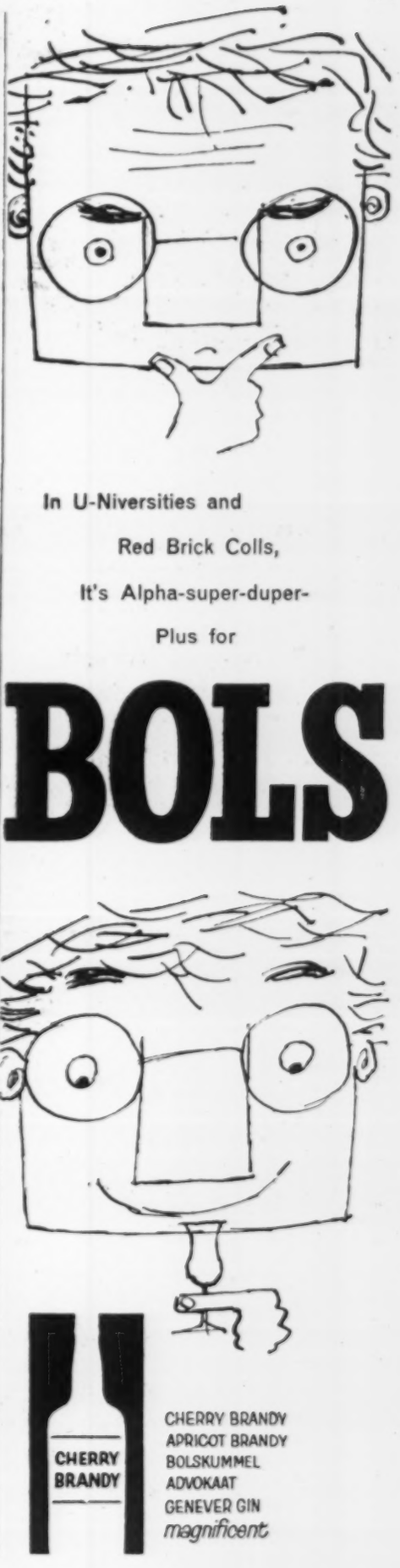

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IRONICALLY, it is a Conservative MP who has told us most succinctly what is wrong with British Socialism. In a prescient article contributed to the *Political Quarterly* before the general election, Mr Enoch Powell warned the Labour Party against its 'craving for respectability' and accused its leaders of 'fearing to be Socialist yet failing to find anything else to be'. An Opposition, he went on,

> must have a categorical imperative: 'do this, and this alone, if you would be saved.' There must be a great, simple, central theme, branching into all the fields and subjects of debate, but in itself easily grasped, which runs through the words and actions of a successful opposition. Such a theme the Labour Party has not had.

I accept this diagnosis – with two reservations. First, I want to suggest that the 'central theme' must be composed of three ingredients – a Socialist *cause* that stirs the emotions, a Socialist *doctrine* that satisfies the mind, and a Socialist *outlook* that unites both thought and feeling. Secondly, I would add that we shall not put things right in the Labour Opposition until we admit to ourselves that it was the absence of such a central theme that was the undoing of the Attlee Government. So long as mass unemployment and class-privilege were the main economic realities, the emotion that unified the Labour Party was a simple working-class solidarity, and the causes its leaders fought for in Parliament were largely forced upon them by the urgent needs of the trade unions in a chronically unstable capitalist society. As for the nature of the Socialist State and the forms that public ownership would take when that State was created, these were regarded as too remote to be the concern of any but a handful of despised intellectuals. Hence the extraordinary fact that, when Mr Attlee took office, there were no blueprints – not even the vaguest sketch-plans – for the nationalisation proposals to which the Party was pledged. So the job of planning and actually constructing the socialised industries was given to the civil servants in the various Ministries. They did it conscientiously, according to their fashion.

No wonder the domestic and foreign policies of the Attlee Government soon degenerated into a collection of bits and pieces, based on no doctrine, with no philosophy to bind them together and no central theme to inspire the rank and file. Most of us, as we observed the impetus of 1945 rapidly dying away, were uncomfortably aware of these deficiencies. But we were assured they were more than compensated by the working-class instinct of Mr Bevin, the disinterested chairmanship of Mr Attlee, the moral leadership of Stafford Cripps, and the expert tactics of Herbert Morrison. What had previously been described as 'British muddle-through' was now elevated into 'Socialist empiricism' – and any serious inquiries about the moral principles and theoretical assumptions on which the Labour Government's policy was based were dismissed as the irresponsible theorising of disgruntled Leftist dissidents.

The piecemeal nature of its home policy and the insularity of the Government's attitude in foreign affairs were concealed, however, by the flattering skill with which the permanent Civil Service in Whitehall runs the Ministers at Westminster, while leaving them the illusion that they are still in control. Moreover, when the Tories took over, the Labour ex-Ministers had a vested interest in preserving the myth that the Labour Government's record was beyond criticism. Only now are we beginning to realise how great were its failures in Europe and the Middle East, and how much further it might have taken us towards a true Socialist welfare state, if the men who led it had been prepared to relate their policies to a coherent doctrine.

Eight years of Opposition could have been used to make good this deficiency. Instead, we largely wasted them: first in sterile factional controversy, which left the major issues undiscussed and ended only by sheer exhaustion; and, second, in the production of a multitude of special policies, a few of them excellent in themselves but devoid of that unifying central theme of which Enoch Powell wrote.

Apart from Anthony Crosland, John Strachey is the only prominent Socialist politician who is attempting to fill this intellectual void and so to help restore our sense of direction. *The End of Empire** is the second part of his monumental study of modern Socialism. The first volume of the series, entitled *Contemporary Capitalism*, revealed to us the mental process by which the author of that Left Book Club best-seller, *The Coming Struggle for Power*, sloughed off his faith in the inevitable collapse of capitalism and evolved his present economic outlook. Mr Strachey showed very convincingly that it was the growth of democratic institutions in the West which had falsified Marx's prophecies and compelled the business community to move towards a free economy, controlled on Keynesian lines. The following passage from the present volume summarises conveniently the conclusions reached in its predecessor:

> All but the most rigidly minded Socialists should be by now aware that the profit motive, the criterion of profitability, the price system generally, and the urge of self-enrichment, if they are kept under strict and effective social control, can in appropriate circumstances be powerful means for attaining the purely material purpose of a steadily rising standard of life. The profit motive and the price system, in other words, can be made into useful servants, though they remain disastrous masters.

Western capitalism, therefore, in Mr Strachey's view, is capable, if it is only managed with moderate efficiency, of providing us with a constantly expanding standard of material prosperity. The Socialist Opposition which awaits its collapse, or even hopes to attain office thanks to a temporary recession, is likely to suffer successive election defeats.

In this second volume, Mr Strachey moves from a study of domestic to a study of the external relations of Western capitalism, which combines an analysis of the economic relations between the developed and under-developed territories with a theoretical critique of old-fashioned Socialist doctrine – in particular, of the Leninist doctrine of Imperialism. The book starts with three chapters on the acquisition of the Indian Empire, which are without doubt the most brilliant pieces of writing John Strachey has ever done. He combines a pious respect for his ancestors who ran India with an irony successfully borrowed from the author of *Eminent Victorians*. But then the analyst gives way to the dialectician and we share the agonising and tortuous reappraisal, as the result of which Mr Strachey reaches the conclusion that history has made as much nonsense of Lenin's Imperialism as it did of Marx's account of capitalist collapse.

Next follows a most original section, in which the concept of capitalist exploitation is analysed and an estimate is made of the actual material gains accruing to the European powers from their colonial possessions. These gains, Mr Strachey tells us, have been grossly exaggerated by an unnatural alliance between the protagonists and opponents of Empire, both of whom have been determined to prove that Empire pays. By and large, the indirect imperialism of the United States in South America and of Britain in the Middle East have earned more profits than the overt colonial empires. But these gains, too, have been exaggerated and Mr Strachey concludes that, in the anti-colonial climate of the 1950s, the path of strict economic self-interest requires that empires should be wound up as fast as possible. As evidence of this, he adduces the contrast between Western Germany and France, as well as the rapid growth of British prosperity in the eight years during which our Tories have been liquidating what is left of the British Empire.

And so we come to the climax – Mr Strachey's analysis of the 'post-colonial' period of world politics, into which he believes we are now entering, and his programme of action for a Socialist Government without an Empire but at the head of a new Commonwealth. I recommend everyone interested in Socialist re-thinking to study these chapters carefully, and I only have space to call attention to two points on which I differ. First, I am sorry that, in the passages dealing with defence, the conventional Shadow Secretary for War replaces the imaginative Socialist thinker who composed the rest of the book. Although, if Mr Strachey has his way, Britain will soon have no Empire to defend, he is insistent that we

**The End of Empire.* By JOHN STRACHEY. *Gollancz.* 30*s.*

should be equipped with all the latest arms and deterrents, on the astonishing ground that 'a self-respecting British independence in defence, as in all other matters, is indispensable'. The idea that the British Isles can have an independent nuclear defence policy seems to me to contradict the rest of this book.

The second point which worries me is Mr Strachey's final conclusion. He rightly stresses that the Western democracies must exert themselves to raise the living standards of the under-developed territories. But he then goes on to argue that, in terms of enlightened self-interest, there is no case for large-scale aid of this kind: we must do it simply because it is morally right. If this conclusion were correct, catastrophe would be inevitable, since no democratic government can undertake policies which violate the interests of the people it represents. But I can see no reason for Mr Strachey's despairing reliance on a purely moral imperative. Surely there is every reason of enlightened self-interest for bridging the gap in living standards as soon as possible? I can only conclude that Mr Strachey felt irresistibly impelled to prove his final emancipation from Marxist economic determinism by asserting that Socialist Britain must be moral, even when it doesn't pay. Let us hope that a second edition will very soon be required, in which he can find a golden mean between the crass materialism of his youth and the equally crass idealism with which he abruptly breaks off his immensely illuminating search for a new Socialist doctrine.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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'By the Exeter River, by the river, I said.'

'Stop dreaming of rivers, old Father, my Dad,
Or save all your dreaming till you're tucked in bed.'

'It was cold by the river. We came in a sled.'

'It's colder to think of, old Father, my Dad,
Than the blankets and bolsters and pillows of bed.'

'We took off his dress and the cap from his head.'

'Undressed in the winter, old Father, my Dad?
What could you be thinking? Let's get off to bed.'

'And Sally, poor Sally, I reckon is dead.'

'Was she an old sweetheart, old Father, my Dad?
Now lean on my shoulder and come up to bed.'

'We drowned your half-brother. I remember we did.'

DONALD HALL

Fourth of July

The hot shallows and seas we bring our blood from
Slowly dwindled; cooled
To sewage estuary, to trout-stocked tarn.
Even the Amazon's taxed and patrolled

To set laws by the few jaws –
Piranha and jaguar.
Columbus' huckstering breath
Blew inland through North America

Killing the last of the mammoths.
The right maps have no monsters.
Now the mind's wandering elementals
Ousted from their traveller-told

Unapproachable islands,
From their heavens and their burning underworld,
Wait dully at the traffic crossing,
Or lean over headlines, taking nothing in.

TED HUGHES

Mirror

Here in the slow evening of day,
The breeze has receded
Down to the light low in the sky,
And slumbers; to eastward,
Darkness: a tall ocean of air.
Only the hedge-parsley, the goose-

White butterflies, tranced in the warm,
Embalmed in a swarm, yet
Warningly, half seem to recall
That snow will be falling,
Moth-like, and slow, over the bleak
Sea of a grey, gale-driven sky.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

Looking for a Novel

Portrait of a Man Unknown. By NATHALIE SARRAUTE. Translated by MARIA JOLAS. *Calder.* 18s.

Large claims were made by M. Sartre for this strange novel when it was published in France two years ago. Very naturally: its theme is very much the same as that of *La Nausée*. It is the work of a Russian Jewess – I understand – writing in French, who is shadowed in every sentence by Virginia Woolf and Dostoevsky. The French tradition contributes the standard subject of the bourgeois, his panic at the thought of his nakedness, his fussed and pompous escape into the commonplace: the *lieu commun* and *idée reçue*. The French also contribute the tradition of intellectually hounding down the dull. In Mme Sarraute's book the tables are turned on the pursuer who is at last obliged to take refuge in the pitiable commonplaces he has been trying to penetrate. He has watched an egotistical old miser bully his plain, timid daughter now no longer young; he has spied on them, studied them, tried to make contact with the terrified souls inside; he has brought himself to a state of nervous breakdown in the effort; he cannot understand why the daughter-prisoner does not release herself; and then he is bowled over because the daughter is tougher than he thought and frees herself by a marriage to a man who is all commonplace. With sadness, mercy and resignation, the pursuer agrees to give up and accept that the *lieu commun* is the indispensable shelter of man in society.

At the end of this novel we understand that it is not a novel but a statement of the elementary difficulty of the novelist on the verge of a subject. Novels destroy life as they transform it; here, the novelist destroys the novel in order to evoke the basic disorder and mystery of being alive. This supports M. Sartre's theory (stated in his preface to the book) that *Portrait of a Man Unknown* is 'an anti-novel', a revolt against convention, the quest for a release. One remembers his attack on the human craving for 'an adventure' in *La Nausée*. I prefer the term 'pre-novel', or an account of what tempts the moral consciousness of a novelist before he has reached the point when he can take up his pen and say he has identified his characters or his theme. The traditional novelist rejects the temptation. Virginia Woolf, on the other hand, did not. The comparison with Virginia Woolf is apt; but we note the absence of ecstasy, terror, and the poetic imagination in Mme Sarrute. She is morally disquieted by a fundamental disgust and by philosophical uncertainty:

> I asked them if they didn't sense, as I did, if occasionally they hadn't sensed, something queer, a vague something that emanated from her and clung to them. . . . I tried to insist: 'Didn't they think, hadn't they occasionally sensed something that she exuded, something soft and gluey that stuck to them and inhaled them, without their knowing quite how, something they had to take hold of and tear off their skins, like a damp compress with a stale sweetish odour. . . .' This was dangerous, going too far, which they detested. . . . 'Something that sticks to you, permeates you, takes possession of you, worms itself in, something under the surface, perhaps, begging, demanding. . . .' I was out of my depth. But they pretended not to notice. They were determined we should remain on a normal decent plane. 'Yes, she seems to set great store by people's affection', they answered me like that in order to quiet me.

The underlying hysteria, the groping for souls,

is from Dostoevsky. M. Sartre has the curious idea that a great composition, not unlike one of Dostoevsky's – nor, even, of Meredith's! – might emerge from Mme Sarraute's experiment.

As a 'story' it becomes a tedious and even therapeutic exposure of the pursuer rather than of the people outside him, for many of his conjectures are imaginative guesses; and although M. Sartre tells us that we are always hungering for our insides to be recognised from the outside by the inside of others, this is a fatally stationary subject. After the intellectual excitement of the first pages, suspense solidifies into permanent suspension. We are left hanging; and, with M. Sartre, grasp at the nearest literary analogies. But there are vivid, true and often moving passages in an experiment which might have been written 30 years ago. Novelists will get something out of it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Eyes and No Eyes

My Russian Journey. By SANTHA RAMA RAU. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

The Real Russia. By IRVING R. LEVINE. *W. H. Allen.* 30*s.*

If Russia is still a mystery wrapped in an enigma, the prime responsibility no longer lies with the Soviet Government. For the last few years thousands of foreign tourists and politicians have been able to visit the country and talk to its inhabitants, with the language barrier as the only external obstacle to understanding. There are still, of course, vast regions which are closed to visitors; nearly all foreigners beat the same worn track from Leningrad to Moscow, with a quick trip to the Black Sea if they are lucky. But the problem of getting to know the Russians is now quite different from what it was in Stalin's day; and, oddly enough, it is often easier for casual tourists to make contact with the people than for diplomats or journalists who are stationed in the country for long periods.

It is worth while visiting the Soviet Union just to find out that it is neither a new civilisation nor an old one, but just a different one – compounded, like all others, of an inextricable mixture of elements which are often contradictory. This does not make it easy to understand the Russians – any more than it is easy to understand the Germans or the Arabs or the Japanese. Like us, they are human beings, but they are not human beings like us. And even if one has understood the Russians, it is not easy to pass on that understanding to others. Very few of the Russian travel books now pouring from the world's presses achieve, or even attempt, it.

Until the appearance of Miss Rau's *My Russian Journey*, the most successful book in this field was Miss Sally Belfrage's enchanting *A Window in Moscow*. Miss Belfrage managed to some extent to become an 'insider' in the Soviet Union because she belonged to the everlasting international conspiracy of youth; but for that reason her window had a narrow view. Miss Rau remains an 'outsider' all through her book but covers a much wider field. One is always aware of a sensitive, discriminating mind with an assured set of personal values which are very different from those of the Russians she meets. But though sometimes irritated, she is never shocked, and she has an astonishing intuitive sympathy with all the persons and places she describes. As an Indian educated in the West and married to an American she is cosmopolitan in the very best sense – while her personal know-

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ledge of Asia gives her chapter on Uzbekistan a special poignancy.

In form, the book is a travel diary covering a few months spent mainly in Moscow and Leningrad while her husband was collecting information for a book on the Soviet theatre. It is only after putting it down that one realises how subtly she has organised her material so that the reader's understanding of the Soviet Union is gradually deepened and extended *pari passu* with her own. She writes beautifully, with a precision of phrase which is never ostentatious. There are a few set pieces – a visit to the flat where Dostoevsky lived, talks with Ulanova and Mrs Kalma. But the greatest single interest of the book is its account of her friendship with individual Russians, which gives more insight into Soviet society than volumes of statistics.

The Real Russia suffers badly by the comparison. Mr Levine has simply emptied the contents of ten years' notebooks higgledy-piggledy into a great rag-bag of unrelated facts. Though the *Reader's Digest* style makes it difficult to read consecutively, the book would be quite a useful compendium if it had an index. It is a poor man's John Gunther. There is a basic framework of familiar information about the development of Soviet policy since Krushchev, illustrated by news items from the Soviet press which are retailed in the leaden style of the original. Considering that Mr Levine lived in Moscow for over ten years as a correspondent there is remarkably little personal observation; and often what there is has little relevance to the book as a whole, like a long account of the crash of a Polish aircraft. Some of the stories are of baffling bathos, like that of an encounter with the aircraft designer Tupolev at an embassy party. The author picks a cake off a tray, and the punch line is: '"See, you too have taken one with chocolate icing", he said with the pride of a man having a theory confirmed.'

Both books raise the same unanswered questions. Russian life at present has the bewildering fluidity characteristic of any transitional society. Partly because of the lack of consumer goods, partly because of the philistinism of the state controllers, the cultural climate of the Soviet Union is still Victorian. This has its good as well as its bad sides – the absence of Admass is worth a lot of tractor romances. But the affluent society is now advancing on Russia at a staggering speed. In its human as well as its political aspects, the country described by Miss Rau and Mr Levine may have disappeared within twenty years.

DENIS HEALEY

Sensuous and Intellectual

Fauvism. By JEAN LEYMARIE. **Cubism.** By GUY LABASQUE. *Zwemmer: Skira.* 50*s. each.*

Cubism. By JOHN GOLDING. *Faber.* 73*s.* 6*d.*

'What's to be gained by lacking culture?' Derain asked; he knew all the masterpieces by the time he was eighteen. Vlaminck, his wild companion, felt differently: 'Visiting museums only saps your personality, just as consorting with priests makes you lose your faith'. The two extreme standpoints, it may be observed, both took a toll in the later careers of the two painters. The irony is that, if we are not much tempted to think of culture as in itself a source of art or of the museums as a threat to anyone, it is due to them. Derain, Vlaminck and the rest have given the culture of the museums a very present meaning. They are part of it themselves, sugared with its luxury and candied in the same old frames. But due to them the course of art now depends on the past in a way rather different from before. Revolutionary virtues have become the perpetual conditions for existence. The past provides, not forms, so much as moral examples. It is used rather as the virtues of ancient republicanism were used at the birth of modern states. (The apparent absurdity of modern art is that in its republic the whole population are pigmy presidents and every voter must attempt a *coup d'état*, yet it is not absurd. It is the expression of a profound humanism.)

In this difficult passage, this settling-down which is a perpetual unsettling, nothing helps more than history. Our very knowledge of art, upon which the continual business of re-definition rests, sometimes seems to depend, more than on anything else, on one single piece of historical interpretation, the interpretation of what happened in the first ten years of this century. Serious study of Fauvism and Cubism is thus a basic necessity. We rely absolutely on writers like Messrs Leymarie and Golding—and both are worthy of the situation. Dealing with this period which, between Signac and Gris, spans the longest step of any decade in the history of art, containing as much self-evident sensuous and intellectual beauty as any and a profounder mystery, we cannot trust the chance encounters and miraculous flukes which have led artists to the fountainhead before. We need to know; we cannot know too much. We must discover how this art works, and discover it over again from each successive standpoint year by year. It works for us; it looks like working for the whole art of the twentieth century.

The young Derain and Vlaminck meet in the first years of the century in the train. (Providentially the train derails and their conversation is prolonged.) The surprising new style is born, but when they meet the rather older Matisse, who at thirty-two is recognisably himself, methodically luxuriating, though racked by need, in his characteristic self-regard, he is not surprised; the style has been his own all along. The four great years of Fauvism are a magical time and M. Leymarie's book, the first exact and detailed history of them, preserves the wonder. The story is not only invigorating but positively entertaining; Derain and Vlaminck, with all the world before them, are the rampant clowns of art. They are sacrificed to their roles; it is the systematic Matisse, his genius combined with an extraordinary prudence, who lasts to become the Old Master of the movement. In duets with Vlaminck the latter played fortissimo all the time; 'his painting', Matisse remarked, 'is just the same'.

Fauvism is in many ways of a piece with the nineteenth century. Mr Golding's subject is more complex and the issues which emerge are essentially unlike those of previous art. Mr Golding emphasises that Cubism was an art of realism; he agrees with the enlightened critics of the time rather than with Apollinaire. The naturalistic badges which it wears in its buttonhole are certainly clear enough. It is agreed that Cubism developed the conceptual element in representation, to the exclusion of what had been due to direct perception. But the realism of Cubism and the question of just what is realised in its successive styles are still hardly within the compass of criticism.

The clearest concern of Cubism, after all, is with the nature of imagery rather than its objects, the visible character of the pictorial balance rather than what was in the scales. If the Cubists were realistic about anything, it was about the pictorial resources which Post-Impressionism consigned to them. In the great collaboration, to which Cubism (even more than Fauvism) was due, this intense appreciation of the unfolding possibilities of the

surface consistency was perhaps chiefly Braque's contribution; Picasso seems to have contributed most to the obsessive formal invention. The marriage, as Picasso called it, was fertilised by the fact that he and Braque arrived at the common point from opposite directions, one with the habit of poetic (and entirely conceptual) improvisation from his fabulous memory and the other from the visual standpoint of neo-impressionism and Fauvism – two opposite understandings of the painter's act.

The subsequent course of events is more fully traced and far more precisely documented by Mr Golding than it has been before. His history is indispensable, and it will not be replaced. His analysis, though no less full, requires, to be equally conclusive, critical and philosophical apparatus which is hardly available. There is certainly no better survey than his of the Cubist styles and their repercussions, or a more representative body of plates. It was a pity to reproduce Gris's 'mathematical' drawing (whose calculations Mr Golding underrates) without the picture in the Rupf Collection connected with it. That figures in another good Skira issue, also admirably illustrated, with a more general and less exact text by M. Labasque. M. Leymarie's book and Mr Golding's are by far the most valuable of the studies in their fields; everyone concerned with the art of his time needs both. The first has to deal with impulses which are relatively accessible; with Cubism, for all its intelligence, 'we are living', as Braque said, 'through an adventure in which consciousness plays no part'.

LAWRENCE GOWING

The Lamp of Beauty (Phaidon, 32s. 6d.) is a selection of Ruskin's writings on art chosen and edited by Dr Joan Evans.

Real at a Remove

The Forests of Lithuania. By DONALD DAVIE. *Marvell Press* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Honour'd Shade: An Anthology of New Scottish Poetry. Edited by NORMAN MACCAIG. *Chambers.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dr Davie's long new poem started, I gathered from an article on translation he published three or four years ago, as an experimental working into short English lines of selected passages from the Everyman prose version of Mickiewicz's *Pan Tadeusz*. He acknowledges in an introductory note help from Polish scholars, and perhaps the poem as it now stands comes more directly from Mickiewicz's original text. In any case, it is primarily an attempt to prove that it is still possible to write a long poem in English today, and, like Pound's *Homage to Sextus Propertius*, it is to be judged for what it is, not for what it has done with what it comes from. For Dr Davie, the heart of Europe is 'wherever community happens in any age'. He has made, freely pouncing on what he could use, a poem about the aristocratic sense of community; the Poles, like the Spaniards and the Austrians, are natural aristocrats, not needing, to sustain a sense of style, an ancestral estate, a large bank-balance, a public-school education, or membership of the Travellers' Club. And the aristocratic idea is what Dr Davie beautifully brings out in this poem, whether in the soliloquy of a 'woman of experience',

> Youth welcomes and rises from love
> As from a modestly planned
> Meal that we eat with a friend
> Gaily. Consumed from within,
> Only the old debauchee
> Detests what he drowns himself in –

– or the hunter's æsthetics of landscape:

> A double column of water
> Behind the green grass
> Rises – a pair of antlers,
> Stag; and a sunbeam falling
> Athwart the trees
> Extinguished, a beast passing.

Irrelevant, nostalgic stuff? Escapism? I would say no. To add my guess to many guesses (I have been voting Labour for years, always in a Conservative constituency), why did Labour lose the last election? Because, I would say, it did not offer us a style of life. Style, in life, is what Dr Davie's poem or homage or reworking is about. It gives me a far higher notion of his skill as a verse craftsman, and of the depth of his sensibility, than his neat early neo-Augustan comments on contemporary blankness. But it is sad to feel that it is probably impossible for a poet to produce a comparable contemporary and democratic image of fineness in community.

A similar pathos, for me, attaches to *Honour'd Shade*, whose title (from Robert Burns) does very unfortunately suggest a lapidary inscription on the tomb of Scottish poetry; in fact, financed by the Scottish Committee of the Arts Council, and including only poems hitherto uncollected, the anthology seeks to prove that Scottish poetry is still alive and kicking. It is most alive where it is most archaic, most the voice of the harried and badgered Gaelic culture (the Gaels, our Scottish Poles). I know no Gaelic, but even in plain prose translation, this poem by Mr Donald Macaulay seems to me to hit most of the Lallans and English poems included for six: it is a poem against Christianity by a man who understands to the depths what Christianity is about:

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ANDRE DEUTSCH: A FURTHER SELECTION FROM OUR AUTUMN LIST

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They ask only sobbing in repentance for a sin that is not mine – and I shall receive a freedom that I do not understand; my bedraggling in one, thin, wounding steeping-water after another of their philosophy; and gaily they would hang the washing in the heavens.

Most of the known Scottish poets are here, even myself (with a sonnet that needs another couple of revisions). I was disappointed, however, to find nothing by Hamish Henderson, to me the most vigorously intelligent and interestingly unpredictable Scots poet of roughly my own generation. There are some fine uncollected poems by Edwin Muir, and Mr Hugh MacDiarmid is well represented in his rambling, suddenly piercing vein. Iain Crichton Smith seems the best of the youngest writers. A neglected poet, Mr Robert Garioch seems to me to handle Scots more richly and confidently than some better known. W. S. Graham has two good poems which are a kind of verse equivalent of abstract painting. Energy everywhere, and perfect achievement (unless, if my guess is right, in some of the Gaelic poems) almost nowhere. Sadness, everywhere, and also the old Scottish Nobodaddy, God as John Knox, the enemy of the Muse: (even Mr MacDiarmid, a militant atheist, absent-mindedly invokes Him). My country, O my country! Continuing life, and also a sense of internal bleeding. Do the strength and the pain both spring from something lost, like Mickiewicz's Poland?

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JONATHAN CAPE

Luther on the Couch

Young Man Luther. By ERIK H. ERIKSON. *Faber.* 25*s.*

The founder of Protestantism, with his fits of melancholia, his anxiety attacks, night sweats, and anguish about concupiscence, is an obvious subject for historical pathography. Several attempts have been made to diagnose Luther. Kretschmer claimed him in his study of men of genius as an example of the liability of the pyknic type of physique to a manic-depressive psychosis. Psychoanalysts have noted his anal obsession. Dr Ernest Jones remarked upon the method, which Luther recommended as most efficacious, of repulsing the Devil by exposing the buttocks at him and breaking wind in his face. Professor Norman Brown in one chapter of his *Life Against Death* cited a lot of instances, many, but not all, from the *Table Talk*, to show that, even in the son of a late medieval German peasant turned miner, the obsession was stronger than you might reasonably expect; he pointed out that often Luther's world-outlook might have been taken straight from Hieronymus Bosch's panel of the Devil seated on his privy with the souls of men dropping from his fundament.

Now comes Erik Erikson, another psychoanalyst, an American, to review the case-history from a rather different though by no means opposite angle. He is quite aware of Luther's anal obsessions. He points out some features in his family life that may have influenced his contribution to religion: his brutal father, with whom Luther was presumably reconciled, for he called his son Hans after him; and he suggests that to account for the jettisoning of the Madonna something must have gone wrong with Luther's early relations with his mother, of whom next to nothing is known. He is chiefly concerned, however, with Luther's delayed adolescence, and what he calls the crisis of identity in his life. Here he draws on his own clinical experience of the vicissitudes of the ego in disturbed adolescents and schizophrenics.

Erikson is naturally aware that the soul of a sixteenth-century man, who could project violent fantasies in the form of a generally accepted belief in devils, must differ from the present-day psyche. He tends to see Luther as a 'case of partial self-cure from deep obsessive struggles'. He quotes his lecture on Romans: 'Perfect self-insight is perfect humility; perfect humility is perfect knowledge; perfect knowledge is perfect spirituality'; and seems disposed to view him almost as a Freudian precursor.

His book is undoubtedly stimulating, and he has made an extensive study of the sources for Luther's life; but Dr Margaret Mead's claim, as quoted on the jacket, that 'it presents a unique integration of psychoanalysis, history and the Great Man', is going a bit far. There are several passages where one's impression is not so much of integration as of disassociation. It is difficult to see what there is to be gained from tracing an analogy between the crises of identity in the lives of Luther, Darwin, Freud, and Hitler on the grounds that all four were powerful figures who lived in stirring times. The writing is uneven; but we must not allow ourselves to be prejudiced by references to 'little Martin's cleanliness training'. Dr Erikson has wrestled with every possible aspect. He is much concerned with a discrepancy between Luther's violent anal-sadism and the historic role of Protestantism in its puritan manifestations as, in Tawney's phrase, the religion of primitive accumulation – a phenomenon in which, from a psychoanalytical point of view, anality would be bound to play a part. He seems a bit puzzled, too, by the differences between Luther's courageous Bull-burning stand, against the Pope, and his advocacy of violent suppression of the peasants. But Luther's rebellion, in psychoanalytical terms, was never complete, not more than a kneeling mutiny. He attacked the papacy only to set up another father image nearer home. As a matter of fact, the historical fate of Lutheranism squares with this psychological interpretation. It was really Calvin who provided the ideology for the new Protestant bourgeoisie. The creed produced by the Lutheran Reformation was, as Engels points out, adapted specially for absolute monarchy.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

O Brave New World!

The Elizabethans and America. By A. L. ROWSE. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

Mr Rowse's thoroughly defensible conviction is 'that the beginnings of American history can only properly be read forward from the Elizabethan England of which it was an extrapolation, not backwards from America'. So reading those beginnings, Mr Rowse has composed a generally fascinating account of the slow-starting but ultimately enormous Elizabethan enterprise in the new world, and a robust and rumbling large-scale appendage to his vast portrait of *The Elizabethan Age*. This is pageant-history documented to the last detail. The style is vigorously auditory, as befits its occasion, the first Trevelyan lectures at Cambridge; and the colourful language sweeps forward in a spiralling fashion from the 1570s on into the third decade of the seventeenth century, when the men most actively concerned with the settlement of English-speaking North America were no longer persons born and bred during the reign of Elizabeth I.

The title, suggested evidently by an American colleague, is both apt and descriptive. Mr Rowse examines first the Queen's own contribution toward opening up those 'remote, heathen and barbarous lands' – a contribution insufficiently sorted out till now, and including money and ships, timely intrigue against the Spaniards, an instinct for workable procedures and a canny selection of favourites. Then, in successive chapters, Mr Rowse tells of certain distinguished Elizabethan gentlemen: Richard Hakluyt, treated handsomely as 'the leading exponent . . . the most cogent and urgent advocate of colonisation' (as against mere exploration) in the sixteenth century; the great mariners and adventurers who carried out the design – Gilbert, Raleigh, Frobisher, Captain John Smith, Grenville; the crucially important commercial backers and organisers – Sir John Smythe (key man for Virginia), his opponent Sir Edward Sandys, and especially Sir Ferdinando Gorges, to whom the colonisation of New England 'owed more than to any other man', and about whom Mr Rowse has written a very fresh and probably definitive chapter. There follows the contribution of the people at large, a mounting enthusiasm that led 96 knights, 110 merchants, 282 citizens and so on to buy into the Virginia Company under its second charter in 1609; and led the sailors on board the *Royal James* in 1621 to collect seventy-odd pounds out of their little pay to build a free school in Virginia. And finally, Mr Rowse inspects the elusive factor of temperament, the Elizabethan mind and imagination: expressed in sudden changes from excitement to despair, from almost

inconceivable courage to fit of cowardice, from huge energy to nearly suicidal laziness; and expressed not only in the grand, confused actions on both sides of the Atlantic, but equally in the prose and poetry of the age (to which Mr Rowse devotes a concluding chapter), from Spenser's *Faerie Queene* to Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

It is above all the author's sustained Elizabethan perspective that gives his book its peculiar power – an almost dizzying power from the opposite perspective of the transatlantic reviewer, as he watches the money being raised, the maps drawn, the ships setting sail and the heroes and the roughnecks and the women moving (as it were) in ever increasing numbers toward him. Looking forward through his perspective, Mr Rowse pretty well establishes the thesis that American history begins as an extension of the Elizabethan world. And in this regard, it is interesting to observe how the tone changes, the mood grows chilly when the narrative arrives in Massachusetts and the Puritan colonisers of the Bay Company.

'Virginia,' says Mr Rowse, 'was an extrapolation of normal Elizabethan society'; and Virginia receives his virtually unmodified approval. But 'Massachusetts was dominantly an extrapolation of the opposition', and essentially of a later and un-Elizabethan generation; Massachusetts is accordingly treated with a sort of bouncing disapproving irony. For the Puritans, Mr Rowse believes, were the enemies of the Elizabethan sense of life; they were churlishly intellectual. Part of the difficulty seems to be that the influential Puritans were Cambridge men. Mr Rowse, a Fellow of All Souls, notes that the mentality of New England 'was essentially the product of Elizabethan Cambridge', and that up to 1646 there were a hundred Cambridge men in America to some thirty from Oxford. One feels that the Cantabrigians rather let down the side: within five years of their first settlement, they are observed adopting their own flag of a red and white rose. 'How it looks forward to 1776!' But the larger trouble is Mr Rowse's attitude towards the habit of speculation in general.

Mr Rowse has a very deep distrust of the reality and power of ideas. His explicit assumption is that the Puritans (not the Plymouth Pilgrims but the Boston Puritans) came to America simply and solely to have their own way; and that the intensive theological vocabulary in which they formulated their own way was merely the fatty tissue of an implacable egotism. Quoting John Cotton's question, for example, 'Do ye not know that the Saints shall judge the world?', Mr Rowse adds helpfully and parenthetically, '(Saints = themselves)'; and after quoting from the famous Puritan covenant a passage about enemies speaking 'evil of the ways of God', Mr Rowse explains: ('God means themselves, of course'). Not all students of the first New England colonies have been as sure about this.

This cheery disregard for what Mr Rowse himself calls 'the things of the mind' results in a somewhat unrewarding survey of the literary evocation of America. But it does not prevent the author from making a most intriguing character analysis of the complex John Winthrop, nor, needless to say, does it at any point affect the lucid and massive marshalling of brilliantly selected details. What it may suggest, however, is a certain limitation and one-sidedness in Mr Rowse's concept of the Elizabethan spirit. For it is a concept which minimises the 'Protestant' dimension; it tends to leave out the religious virility, the sombre and intricate theologising, the doctrinal anguish; it leaves out the tragic sense. But all of that as well – along with the deter-

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mination and the wonder, the expansive genius and the creative energy – came over to, and went into the configuration of, the new world; that new world, the discovery of which, Mr Rowse declares with magnificent generosity in his opening sentence, was the greatest event in the history of the old.

R. W. B. LEWIS

Desperado of Genius

Orage and the New Age Circle. By PAUL SELVER. *Allen & Unwin.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

It must be 30 years since Mr Selver published his very entertaining novel *Schooling*. Its hero was a young schoolmaster with literary ambitions who frequented whenever possible the office of a small, advanced weekly review called *Mistral*. Recognisable figures stalk through *Schooling's* pages: there is, for example, the *Jarouche* American poet Eli Peck. Now, Mr Selver has given us the prose gloss, as it were, on his early autobiographical novel. *Mistral* was *The New Age*, and *The New Age* was A. R. Orage.

Orage, who died in 1934, remains enigmatic. Mr Selver brings out very well the force of his personality, his quality of magnetism, but is still, it seems clear, puzzled by him. Shaw called him a 'desperado of genius', and Orage was certainly a very remarkable man. He managed to keep *The New Age* in existence for many years and, after it, *The New English Weekly*, without paying his contributors; and he never lacked for contributors. Bennett's *Books and Persons* appeared in *The New Age*; so did Belloc's *The Free Press*; and he attracted the young simply by being himself and providing a forum for them. They included in turn Pound, Hulme, Aldington, Katherine Mansfield, Middleton Murry, H.D., Edwin Muir, and Dikran Koujoumdjian, who in the fullness of time became Michael Arlen. Orage was, as Mr Selver testifies, and as anyone who ever wrote for him knows, a brilliant editor. His paper (for *The New English Weekly* was very much the old *New Age* under another name) became by a natural process the focal point of dissent, political, economic, literary. Politically and economically, it stood first for Guild Socialism and then for Major Douglas's Social Credit – Mr Selver has a singularly unflattering picture of Douglas.

It would probably have been easier to see Orage more clearly if he himself had written a sizeable book, but the books he wrote were peripheral. In 1922 he had given up *The New Age* and retired to the Gurdjeff establishment at Fontainebleau, and from there he went to the United States as a propagandist for Ouspensky (whom Mr Selver found 'quite monumentally boorish'). He returned to England in 1932 to found *The New English Weekly*.

His influence, it is plain, was almost entirely personal. Mr Selver's memoir is a tribute to an older friend whom he seems to have found always baffling and who, in the end, he suspected had feet of clay. But Orage, though he dominates Mr Selver's little book, is only one character among many. Orage's colleagues and protégés – and some of them were very rum indeed – are incisively sketched, while the feeling of the tea-sessions at the Chancery Lane ABC, round the corner from *The New Age* office, is brilliantly rendered. Especially memorable are the recollections of Pound in his Imagist days, with his 'bland utterances, for which the epithet "dogmatic" is preposterously weak'. Mr Selver has written a memoir which is a model of its kind. There is never a wasted word; and though his memories of the formative influences of his youth are critically rendered, the Paul Selver of 1959 does not for a moment high-hat the Paul Selver of 1911. Altogether, this is a most valuable footnote to the literary and intellectual history of our times.

WALTER ALLEN

Sluicing and Browsing

In Praise of Wine. By ALEC WAUGH. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Vin. By EDWARD HYAMS. *Newnes.* 21*s.*

A Word Book of Wine. By WALTER JAMES. *Phoenix.* 21*s.*

The Kindred Spirit. By LORD KINROSS. *Newman Neame* 21*s.*

Good Food from Denmark and Norway. By JAMES and ELIZABETH WHITE. *Muller.* 18*s.*

The Art and Magic of Cookery. By RAYMOND OLIVER. *Muller.* 18*s.*

Aromas and Flavours. By ALICE B. TOKLAS. *Joseph.* 21*s.*

Every year, for the Christmas trade, there is a fresh flood of books on food and wine. They are very rarely any good, for there is nothing new to be said on either subject. Almost nothing anyway – sometimes a new recipe is discovered, or there are some fresh facts about a little known wine. But these are not enough to make a book out of; new publications must be judged not by what they say, but how they say it. By such a criterion, Alec Waugh's book comes first. While he was miserably penned in droughty Baghdad during the war he planned to write a study of 'what had been drunk at different periods and in different countries'. This, he says, he has now done, under the tutelage of Vyvyan Holland. He hasn't; what he has produced is a disconnected series of essays – on Moslem teetotalism, on his own education, on port-making, on dining in Copenhagen, on a visit to Cognac, on burgundy, and so on. He is discursive, amusing, anecdotal and often very informative.

'This is a book for people who know what the title means' says the jacket of Mr Hyams's *Vin*, freezingly. It is in fact not a snob's or specialist's book at all; there is a deal of detailed information about vines, in which Mr Hyams as a winegrower is very interested, but otherwise it is a book for the ordinary reader, cast in the form of an imaginary tour around France's vineyards. I personally dissent from some of his statements about the great wine areas, but upon the lesser known districts – Provence, Jura, Pyrenees, Corsica – he is excellent. Walter James is an Australian and a wit; he has written the only good book on Australian wine and his new book, which is a sort of dictionary of wine terms and wines, is particularly full on Empire wines. It contains also unexpected entries such as 'Jefferson', 'Miracles', 'Missionaries' and 'Sawdust'.

Lord Kinross's book is much better than the usual run of opulent works devoted to the glorification of one firm – in this case Booth's of Booth's gin. The illustrations are excellent, and the quotations from the verse and prose of Hogarth's day are ample and enlightening. The firm itself had at least one man of character, Sir Felix Booth who financed Arctic exploration and had Boothia Felix, a great Canadian peninsula, named after him. But, as always, the story ends in the dull anonymity of a limited company, and 'no members of the Booth family remain in the firm'.

The wine and spirit books are good reading; the cookery books are comparatively hard going, and where they attempt fine writing it is disastrous. Information is what we need from them, and in the Whites' book there is more information on how to make the Danish open sandwiches called *smørrebrød* than I have seen elsewhere. The information on how to make seagulls and whalemeat palatable would have been more valuable once than it is now. M. Oliver deals with the *grande cuisine* at length – there are four pages on how to cook lampreys, and the *paella* is discussed for five pages. His tone is proud, even arrogant; it is not a chef's duty to please the customer, but a customer's privilege to watch a great artist at work. As he is proprietor of Le Grand Vefour and a famous TV chef his hauteur is perhaps inevitable. Miss Toklas's book is an appendix to her *Cook Book*, but without the anecdotes of the Gertrude Stein circle which gave that its special flavour. But those who possess and value the earlier book will want these extra recipes.

RAYMOND POSTGATE

The first issue of a new quarterly review, *X*, has just appeared (Barrie & Rockliff, 6*s.*). Edited by David Wright and Patrick Swift, it contains generalised criticism by, for instance, Martin Gerard on the stock narrative form of the novel, James Mahon on fashions in modern art, and Anthony Cronin on commitment. This last is followed by one of Hugh MacDiarmid's more didactic poems, and there are also poems by George Barker, Patrick Kavanagh and Stevie Smith. Prose contributions include pieces by Beckett (in French), René Daumal, David Gascoyne and Giacometti.

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Crime for Christmas

Cat Among the Pigeons. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Take Only as Directed. By JAMES BYROM. *Chatto & Windus.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Uncle Paul. By CELIA FREMLIN. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Death on a Back-Bench. By FRANCIS HOBSON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Executioners. By JOHN D. MACDONALD. *Hale.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Matter of Conviction. By EVAN HUNTER. *Constable.* 16*s.*

Passage of Arms. By ERIC AMBLER. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

Whither Do You Wander? By JERRARD TICKELL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15*s.*

There is no plum, worse luck, this year in the Christie pudding, although it contains almost every other stock ingredient from the thriller cupboard – an Arab prince, a plane crash, a small wad of incredibly valuable jewels and the diabolical cunning of secret agents. *Cat Among the Pigeons* confirms the old theory that the secret service is the bane of all honest detection: whenever it gets its foot in the door common sense flies out of the window. The main scene of action promises well, a smart English girls' school run by a very knowledgeable lady on most up-to-date lines, where any reader would be glad to send his own daughters – a delightful pigeon-loft, in fact. Where's the cat? I'm afraid exactly where one would expect; and it hardly needs Poirot to reveal her. We are let in to almost every secret before even the first murder occurs. Mrs Christie will have to look to her laurels if she goes on flirting with MI5.

Take Only as Directed is a fine old muddle compounded of a semi-divorced, eminently killable lady, a morphia addict, a strapping brute from Kenya, who is not quite what he seems to be, an effeminate young man, also not quite in line with his appearance, an old Carthusian detective from Scotland Yard, and a London doctor and his wife, cast for the roles of hero and heroine. As if that were not enough of a carnival, disguise is permitted. Mr Byrom writes vivaciously and the reader will find it easy to tag along in utter bewilderment. Such scenes of confusion can only be sorted out by the murderer's explanatory confession: and that is where Mr Byrom's ingenuity lands him.

Uncle Paul is another determined creepy by the authoress of *The Hours Before Dawn.* Strange footsteps at night outside the lonely cottage on the cliffs! Is it Uncle Paul come back after serving a life sentence for murder? Well, that's naturally what you are meant to think, once Miss Fremlin has played her delicate tune on your nerves. Or something even more sinister? Miss Fremlin will out-do your wildest surmise. It takes four pages of pretty abnormal psychology to explain the significance of those deadly footsteps.

When a Member of Parliament just back from abroad accepts a drink from a strange colonel at London Airport and doesn't like the taste, 'Something wrong with the whisky?' says the obliging colonel, 'I'll get some more,' and doubles the dose. Such straightforward villainy disposes of the MP, for whom *Death on a Back-Bench* of the House of Commons soon supervenes. But who has been guilty of high treason and where are the damning documents? This is a rollicking, unpretentious thriller, with the hero and heroine reeling from one comic predicament to another and no attempt at subtle mystification: Mr Hobson

UNWIN

Virginia Woolf's London
DOROTHY BREWSTER
A charming exposition of London at the time of Virgina Woolf the novelist. Dr. Brewster also discusses the part it played in influencing her work. 15*s.*

Orage and the New Age Circle
PAUL SELVER
Paul Selver, who was closely associated with Orage for several years, has recorded his reminiscences of the " New Age " paper, and a number of its contributors. Orage himself is, of course, the central figure, but the book also contains impressions of many personalities of the day 13*s.* 6*d.*

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Mr Ambler's thrillers are always supremely readable, but *Passage of Arms* will not measure up to *The Mask of Dimitrios* for excitement. The theme is gun-running in the Far East, a mild variation on the theme of *The Quiet American,* with a sucker from Delaware becoming involved with wily Chinese and fanatical Indonesians in the hope of turning a dishonest dollar. The tropical scenery is beautifully displayed and any machinery that comes along is lovingly handled. The characters, however, are sadly gelatinous, and the toughest of them is speedily tortured to death.

Whither Do You Wander? by the author of *Appointment with Venus,* is a sloppy adventure story describing the disappearance of a little boy from his happy home in Somerset and the hullabaloo that follows. Apart from a little adultery between an inkeeper's wife and a brush salesman, the book is designed for virginal eyes and will gratify all ardent devotees of middle-class sentimentality.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Helmut and Alison Gernsheim's latest photographic history is on *Queen Victoria* (Longmans, 50s.): four hundred entertaining and instructive photographs, mainly drawn from her own albums, and chosen with an eye to truth rather than flattery. Books of cartoons published for Christmas include Giovannetti's *Nothing but Max* (Macmillan, New York, 20s.); *The St Trinian's Story* (Perpetua, 21s.), the pick of the Searle cartoons and a compilation of writings on or about this fantasy and its vogue – authors include Robert Graves with a school hymn; *The Pick of Punch* introduced by Claud Cockburn and edited by Nicolas Bentley (Deutsch, 16s.); and *Thelwell Country* (Methuen, 15s.). *The Bedside Guardian No. 8* (Collins, 13s. 6d.) has a foreword by Alistair Cooke and cartoons by Low; *The Armchair Esquire* (Heinemann, 18s.) draws on that paper's contributors over 25 years – from D. H. Lawrence and Scott Fitzgerald to Arthur Miller and J. D. Salinger.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Perspective on Brecht

THE Brecht Movement proceeds apace. All the master's major works, and not a few of his minor ones, have been published in the United States, while Britain has contributed two admirable exegeses – Mr Willett's book, which I reviewed in these columns last spring, and now Mr Esslin's *Brecht: A Choice of Evils**. One book complements the other: Mr Willett has set forth the facts, and Mr Esslin interprets them.

More precisely: Mr Esslin's interpretation requires that he set forth the facts in a different way and that, in part, he set forth different facts. In the first section of the book, he has performed the difficult feat of piecing together the biography of a man who was adept at covering his traces. There are surprises in this story, particularly for Brecht's more callow admirers. Still, the biography is only the starting point for a discussion. It is in discussing Brecht that Mr Esslin calls our attention to the remarkable fact that, up to now, this author was never discussed. In Weimar Germany, he was attacked or championed (usually attacked). Abroad, he was News that kept spreading – from, say, *Partisan Review* (1940) to the *New Yorker* (1959). Some of us would have liked to open the discussion but before us lay the task of translating, expounding, and explaining.

In more recent years, certain critics would have discussed Brecht but were prevented from doing so by their political commitment. Starting out with good intentions, the Communist critic Ernst Schumacher ends up simply measuring the distance between Bertolt Brecht and the Party. Herbert Lüthy feels he cannot afford to see merit in Brecht's later work lest there be rejoicing in the Kremlin. In such a context as this, it is surprising indeed to find in a resolute and informed opponent of Soviet Communism a warm admirer of the work, early *and late*, of Bertolt Brecht. Up to now, most non-Communist Brechtians have seemed to say: 'We are not swept away by anti-Communist propaganda: we think Brecht may have been right'. Mr Esslin says in effect: 'I think Brecht was wrong. But where has rightness got poets A, B, and C? And who goes to a poet to share his rightness? It is the business of philosophers to be right. Art mirrors the conflicts of the age and of the artist. By that token, it mirrors not only the artist's rightness but also his wrongness'.

Brecht lived behind a mask of impersonality, even to the point of getting himself confused with the laws of the universe. 'I've quarrelled with Erich Engel,' he once said to me, 'he's been telling the actors that *Mother Courage* presents "the truth as Brecht sees it". What bourgeois twaddle is this? My plays present the truth *as it is!*' Until Mr Esslin's book, writers had either taken Brecht at his own valuation or had denounced his mask as sheer hypocrisy. If there were two Brechts, only one was legitimate! Mr Esslin, on the other hand, defines two Brechts, not in order to destroy one of them, but in order to suggest that the vitality of his work derives from tension between the two. And so the anti-Communist critic pays his respects even to Communism, for he thinks it played a not always negative role in the dialectic of Brecht's development. This part of the argument (the whole book is an argument) is not wholly satisfying, but if there must be error, I am all for errors that are suggestive.

This book about a Marxist is influenced by Freud, which is one of several reasons why it will be dismissed by the Communists without a moment's serious consideration. The premise is an unusual one: Bertolt Brecht was a human being. The key concepts are: conscious and unconscious. The leading idea is Freud's notion that in human beings self-betrayal oozes from every pore. And writers are people who betray and tell. In doing so, they don't have to 'mention themselves'. They don't have to 'go in for psychology'. They betray themselves anyway – by their choice of themes, for instance, and even more by the attitude they take to these themes. Writers who angrily dismiss unconscious motivation, as Brecht did, give far more obvious signs of it than those who acknowledge it and are on guard against revealing its results. Mr Esslin's assumptions are open to criticism like any others, but it must be conceded that they have permitted him to make sense of much in Brecht's work which hitherto has yielded little meaning. They even permit him to explain the Communists' nervousness about Brecht.

How is it, for example, that audiences love Mother Courage when they aren't supposed to? Admire Galileo when they aren't supposed to? After all, there is a sense in which the audience is always right, in which the impression given in the theatre *is* the truth the play imparts, for, if audiences feel this way, Brecht has caused them to do so. Mr Esslin convincingly concludes that Brecht identified himself with both protagonists to such an extent that he couldn't – by tricks or added speeches, let alone by programme notes – prevent the audience from doing likewise. Providentially! For the plays take their life not only from such identifications but also from the author's ambivalence. Mother Courage and Galileo are fascinating dramatic characters because of this ambivalence. The author disapproves of both of them as cowardly old reprobates. What he does not seem to have realised is that his love for them both peeps through all the cracks.

Now these contradictions have been the ruin of Brecht's plays as Communist propaganda, and if the Communists have not directly said so, they have consistently expressed concern. And it is true that even in his most ardent efforts to be a Party propagandist, Brecht is apt to show traces of lurking sympathy for the 'wrong' side. Of course, *The Measures Taken* defends the liquidation of nonconformist elements. At the same time, the chief emotion of the play – nowhere defended, nowhere made explicit – is sympathy for the victim. That is to say, the victim is Brecht himself – and you, *hypocrite lecteur*. By all means Brecht the theorist steps in and forbids everyone including himself to feel sympathy – for well he knows that sympathy is what they do feel! The Brechtian theoretical apparatus – above all the theory of Alienation – is called into being to put out the fires which the Brechtian practice has lit. It doesn't succeed. And why should the Party care? Should it not, more properly, complain that fire broke out in the first place?

Two chapters on Communism lie at the centre of Mr Esslin's book. Mr Esslin knows Russian and is able to give us the first blow by blow account of Brecht's relation with Soviet life and letters. But that is the least of it. Mr Esslin is also the first critic to use such materials, neither to slap Brecht's face nor pat him on the back, but to find the clues by which his mind and art may be understood. In Brecht's deviations from Communist orthodoxy is to be found his own peculiar temper.

Take, for instance, his 'pacifism'. That is a merely political matter if all we have in mind is that Brecht seems to be against war in general, while a Communist is only against imperialist wars. But upon further scrutiny, Brecht's being 'against war in general' proves to be far more than a political position. His feeling that the use of force debases the user was never really cancelled out by the intellectual consent he gave to such propositions as that Soviet users of force are all heroes. Had he been a philosopher, he would undoubtedly have delighted in such propositions. But he was a poet, and what he felt dominates what he thought.

The feelings that favoured peace were not just feelings of indignation. The profoundest section of Mr Esslin's book is about the role of passivity in Brecht's life. Passivity has a negative character when it means simply a feeling of helplessness (before society or before nature). It has a positive character when it entails a Stoic (or Confucian?) quietness in the face of all the din; and of such is the 'pacifism' of Brecht. The result is that many characters who, by Marxist standards, are bad must be viewed as good – and are so viewed by Brecht's audiences. According to the Marxist design of *Mother Courage*, the positive hero is dumb Kattrin who sacrifices her life for the people (or at least the children), while her mother is the villain of the piece. Yet no one has ever come away from a performance with that design in mind – the reason being that Mother Courage's passivity has not been presented as a negative factor. This in turn means that we cannot rest content with the formulation: 'Brecht differed from the Communists in remaining a pessimist'. Pessimism underlies the professional optimism of his politics, but, beyond politics, Brecht had a positive stand of his own. As Mr Esslin puts the matter:

> . . . the hopelessness of man's lonely and senseless struggle is made bearable by its very acceptance at the hands of humble people who battle against the terrors of the universe in resignation and simplicity: Joan Dark, Simone Machard, Mother Courage, Schweik, Shen Te, Grusha, they all redeem themselves by their courage in the face of overwhelming odds.

Brecht the Communist had the habit of going back to his plays and adding 'revolutionary'

**Brecht: A Choice of Evils. A Critical Study of the Man, his Work, and his Opinions.* By MARTIN ESSLIN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 35s.

features. In a revision made thirty years later, he offset the wickedly passive protagonist of *Drums in the Night* with at least the hint of a more valiant worker who would do battle with the capitalists. In a revision of *Puntila* that is now the only published version, he offset the pleasantly (i.e., positively) passive chauffeur by a real (i.e., communist-influenced) proletarian. What difference does it make? The new characters are still only on the periphery of the play. Nor are they really characters – only indications of virtuous intention. The characters created by Brecht are still Kragler and Matti, one a bad man, one a good, but both of the working class, and both passive.

Brecht: A Choice of Evils has its flaws. Mr Esslin's English, though very good, is imperfect, and one wishes that someone in the Eyre and Spottiswoode office had changed 'all ear' to 'all ears' and 'fall on his legs' to 'fall on his feet', and the like. There are also errors of fact – though I understand they will be corrected in the American edition. The arrangement of the material under topics, rather than chronologically, entails going over the same ground several times: sometimes Mr Esslin even forgets he has introduced a subject before and goes through the ritual of introduction all over again. I believe, too, that the very eagerness to which we owe the book itself occasionally leads the author into hasty judgments or at least into overstatements. Though it is proper, for example, to quote someone as stating that Brecht was 'violently opposed to the whole apparatus of . . . concentration camps' in East Germany, it is misleading to leave the subject there when it is known that Brecht often praised that apparatus. Again, Mr Esslin writes: 'Throughout his life Brecht loved to picture himself as representative of tormented twentieth-century man . . . ', yet throughout most of his life Brecht did not love to picture *himself* at all. . . . Trivial points, yet indicative that Mr Esslin does a certain amount of critical free-wheeling.

The plays as plays have still to be fully explored. But no one will be table to take from Mr Esslin the distinction of having started the exploration. His book is the best thing that has yet been written about Brecht in any language.

ERIC BENTLEY

Views of Cyprus

Grivas: Portrait of a Terrorist. By DUDLEY BARKER. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

Grivas and the Story of Eoka. By W. BYFORD-JONES. *Hale.* 21*s.*

I suppose we are in for a spate of 'I was there at the time' books about Cyprus. Anyone who had any first-hand contact with the island during the 'troubles' is going to consider himself an expert and hurry into print. The need for speed is all the greater because the versions of the real experts – including Grivas himself – are expected to appear at any time. I have nothing against reporters like Dudley Barker, who covered Cyprus from time to time during the recent struggle, giving us the benefit of what they saw and learned. Reportage has a respectable role to play in the writing of history. But when reportage aims at something more pretentious, we may fear the worst – and in this case we've got it. Mr Barker has written a life of Grivas based purely on second-hand accounts, for, as the dust-cover admits, Grivas himself 'refused to be interviewed' and merely 'answered some questions sent through an intermediary'. On this flimsy basis Mr Barker has erected a highly subjective version of events. Typical of the quality of this book is the assertion that 'the personal responsibility of Archbishop Makarios for the terrorism in Cyprus has been established beyond any doubt'.

All one can say to that is that, if it had been, the British Government would have been the first to broadcast the evidence. During all the bitter debates in the House of Commons from 1954 to 1959 the Colonial Secretary would have given his eye-teeth to have been able to silence the doubters by producing irrefutable proof of the Archbishop's complicity. When Makarios was exiled to the Seychelles the Government searched the Archbishopric from cellar to roof, but nothing conclusive was found. Even when Mr Lennox-Boyd produced his trump card in the Grivas diaries, he refused to publish them in full and fluent speakers of modern Greek, like Mr Francis Noel Baker, even claimed that the extracts released had been mistranslated. It may be, as Mr Barker asserts, that as early as 1950 Grivas and Makarios plotted together to launch a campaign of terror on a peaceful island and that the famous 'never' with which the Minister of State, Mr Henry Hopkinson, dashed Cypriot hopes of self-determination in 1954 (an incident not even mentioned in this book) had no influence at all on the course of events. I simply do not know, but I do not see why I should be asked to accept Mr Barker's say-so.

I am all the less inclined to do so because those parts of his story which I can check from first-hand knowledge are unrecognisable travesties of what took place. What is one to say of a writer on Cyprus who maintains that Sir Hugh Foot had 'always' been in favour of the policies eventually embodied in the Macmillan plan? Or who dismisses in five lines Archbishop Makarios's crucial offer to accept independence instead of Enosis? And I think even Mr Macmillan would blush a little to read that the settlement eventually reached on this basis was 'envisaged in the Macmillan plan'. Grivas is certainly an unlovely figure, but even the most well-known facts about him, repeated in this book, cannot be evaluated properly in the context of Mr Barker's prejudice.

Colonel Byford-Jones's book covers much the same ground and is broadly in the same vein. His qualifications for writing it are somewhat obscure. An Army PRO in Athens during the war (now in the Regular Reserve), he has visited Cyprus several times and once even lunched with Sir John Harding – an occasion of which he makes much. As an example of how history is written these days I was interested in his account of my interview with Archbishop Makarios in September last year. Makarios, he says, unexpectedly 'produced a red herring', which he gave 'nicely wrapped up to Mrs Barbara Castle, who is wont to shop in strange merchandise in many parts of the world'. If anyone had asked me what took place at that interview, I would have explained that the 'red herring' was my idea; that I suggested it to the Archbishop as the only way out of the horror into which Cyprus was drifting; and that, far from it being presented to me 'nicely wrapped up', the Archbishop and I discussed it in three intensive talks of about four hours each, before it reached its final form. Like Mr Barker, Colonel Byford-Jones makes no attempt to explain how a solution which was a 'red herring' when the Archbishop proposed it became the final vindication of Mr Macmillan's policy as soon as the Government was compelled to accept it five months later.

Reading these two books, one wonders how the Cyprus question ever got itself settled – so blind are the prejudices it has aroused. How it *was* settled – despite the attitude of mind these books reveal – is one of the most fascinating studies of current history. But clearly we have still got to wait for a proper account of it.

BARBARA CASTLE

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Mr Connell's thesis is as follows: Churchill behaved as a Generalissimo rather than as a Prime Minister. While his political leadership was of immeasurable value, his amateurish interference with his Generals tended to inhibit the war effort. 'He not only wore them down spiritually; he compelled them to act in haste or fatigue, and against their own judgement.' Auchinleck, like Wavell before him, failed only because he surrendered to Churchill's overpowering sense of urgency. He took decisions, such as his attempt to beat Rommel back as far as Tripoli, which he knew to be beyond his Army's capacity. 'He had learned incaution in a hard school.' But it was worse than that. Churchill made Auchinleck his scapegoat for the retreat to El Alamein. He created the impression that the Eighth Army had lost confidence in their Commander, and the legend, later denied both by Alexander and Montgomery, that Auchinleck intended to abandon Egypt entirely if Rommel again attacked in strength. The 'disagreeable, inaccurate and offensive document' in which Churchill expressed these views to the War Cabinet, part of which is quoted at the head of this column, made no mention of Auchinleck's triumph in halting Rommel at the gates of Egypt. It is as if there had been only one battle of Alamein. There were two, and the Auk's victory was as much a turning-point of the war as Montgomery's. The time has come to rehabilitate this great soldier's reputation. Mr Connell attempts it.

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ROUTLEDGE
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this biography, could possibly consider Auchinleck a flop.

If he had a fault, it lay in his choice of men to serve him (it twice fell to him to relieve an Eighth Army Commander of his job), and in his relations with his political chief. If only he had taken to heart Dill's advice that a Commander 'should not wait for pressure or suggestions or even orders. He should anticipate these things and put clearly before his Government how he views the situation and the action he proposes to meet it', or Ismay's, in an equally brilliant private letter about Churchill, that 'he is a child of nature with moods as variable as an April day', Auchinleck might have avoided his temporary disgrace. Churchill thought he had found in him a General to bite his other Generals. He thought he had a Rommel. Instead, he found that Auchinleck was grudging in his acknowledgement of the help which was sent to him and apparently unaware of the political importance of victory. To Churchill, the fall of Tobruk was a humiliation as great as the loss of Singapore: to Auchinleck it was a military setback. When Roosevelt offered the Prime Minister enough shipping to transport two fresh Divisions to the Middle East, Auchinleck asked instead for the equivalent number of men as reinforcements to existing Divisions: Churchill telegraphed, 'Much disturbed that you prefer a mass of details and drafts'. It was this sort of thing which whittled away the Prime Minister's confidence. Two Divisions sounded splendid; reinforcements, dull. Auchinleck, like Wavell, appeared to lack a sense of drama. And to be one of Churchill's Commanders-in-Chief it was as necessary to match his temperament and help him politically as it was to gain the confidence of the troops. If the two objects were sometimes incompatible, Churchill must be told why before he asked. A stream of informative telegrams to Downing Street was part of the ammunition which a Commander had to fire if he was to survive.

John Connell carries his reader's sympathy a long way by his advocacy but loses it when he begins to speak of Churchill's 'cruel and shabby treatment' of Auchinleck, and of the 'sour stench' left by the method of his dismissal. It was not shabby to offer him the command of Persia and Iraq, though Auchinleck refused it; and it was certainly not cruel to remove him from his command, when not only Churchill, but Brooke, Smuts and even Auchinleck himself, had agreed that a change in command was desirable. Why then should Mr Connell find it necessary to blacken Churchill's character in redeeming Auchinleck's? If Auchinleck was indeed a scapegoat, he would have been relieved of his command before instead of a month after the vote of censure in the House of Commons on 2 July 1942. Mr Connell emphasises over and over again Dill's advice to the Prime Minister, 'Back your Generals, or sack them'. Churchill sacked Auchinleck because Auchinleck had lost his confidence. Auchinleck did not fight the sort of campaign Churchill wanted. So the proper question is not whether Churchill was right or wrong to sack him, but whether he was right or wrong to lose confidence.

The material is all here for the reader to judge. The most foolish criticism of this book would be to complain of its length. It contains much fresh material of great historical importance, not the least about Auchinleck's earlier campaign in Norway and later responsibilities as C-in-C India, and it would only have been shoddy if skimped. There is nothing shoddy about it. It is a profoundly serious study of a great soldier's career, and is no less valuable a work because it argues an unpopular case with passionate conviction.

NIGEL NICOLSON

Museum-View of Man

Primitive Peoples Today. By EDWARD WEYER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 63*s.*

Dr Weyer worked in the Museum of Anthropology at the University of California, and his book has the atmosphere of a museum. It is most gloriously illustrated, with 212 photographs of which 58 are in 'full colour'. In these pictures we can look rapidly through the diversities of peoples and cultures of the world, though Weyer emphasises, clearly and concisely in the best part of the text, that all these peoples are of one species, and that no one has been able to demonstrate that there are more than surface differences between them.

The photographs are more widely representative than are the short chapters dealing with a number of individual tribes. Here the hunting and fishing or stock-keeping peoples, and peoples of small-scale tribes practising a simple agriculture, are over-represented. Eleven out of the 14 peoples described fall into these categories. There are also relatively many South-Central American and Asiatic 'fringe' peoples, when these are taken in contrast with the rest of the world. From Africa, for example, Weyer selects the Bushmen hunters, and then he takes the Ovimbundu of Angola alone of the great mass of highly developed African states, practising agriculture, perhaps with cattle-keeping, iron-working, and trade. In short, the emphasis is very much on the lines suggested by the title; he deals mostly with peoples who have restricted technologies, and who live on the fringes of colonial expansion so that they are today still 'primitive'. Accepting this self-imposed reservation, with an occasional excursion outside into the greater world, he succeeds in giving us excellent insight into how much skill and complexity, in use of resources within harsh environments, may lie in what looks like a very simple technology – as for Eskimo, Navaho, the Bushmen, and others. His accounts of the Ovimbundu and Samoans, but above all his photographs, such as those of Bali, will correct the impression that all people outside the great civilisations lived in these ways.

Besides technology and dress, the book continues to emphasise those parts of culture and social life which are most susceptible to exhibition in museum cases and photographs: rituals and out-of-the-way practices dominate markedly over analysis of economic system and social organisation. This shows in the way space is allocated to different subjects for different tribes: we are given very detailed accounts of how the Jivaro shrink heads, and why; how the Arunta perform sub-incision and marry; how Ovimbundu traded and Polynesians sailed; how Navaho adjusted to American occupation; and so forth. Weyer does not use any cultural or social anthropological theory which would enable him to weight his data, so as to present comparable accounts for the different peoples. Since he believes that culture is 'a thing of shreds and patches', he is perhaps justified in adopting a procedure which stresses this by bringing out, for each people, those features in their culture to which they pay most attention or which most strike an external observer. In these terms, he has produced a fascinating book. He himself has lived with Eskimos and some other tribes dealt with, and his descriptions of these are alight with life. On the others, his information seems generally sound, though in my own field I think his source for captions to photographs of the Zulu is not very accurate. Some errors were bound to creep into so ambitious an enterprise:

but I commend it as a beautifully illustrated description of some of the variety of mankind and mankind's cultures.

MAX GLUCKMAN

Complex and Terrible

Living Insects of the World. By ALEXANDER and ELSIE B. KLOTS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 63*s.*

This book has been designed for the general reader, and indeed the beauty of its illustrations is so startling that many a reader will be caught, like a midge on a Venus's fly-trap, by their sheer dazzle and astonishment. If a whole new school of surrealist painters emerges, inspired solely by these magnified and improbable forms, it will not surprise me, and if an 'insect theme' creeps into house decoration as a result of designers turning its marvellous pages, no one will be at a loss who has handled this book. The full page in colour of Stonefly and Mayfly exuviæ clinging to green plant stems could be the basis of a wallpaper as beautiful as any bamboo fantasy that ever came out of China.

The whole book is a triumphant illustration of the difference which modern photographic techniques have made to the more obscure branches of natural science. What the microscope has done for the specialist, the camera can now do for the general reader, leading him at one step into a world which has little to do with man's, which is even more complex, beautiful and terrible than his. Fabre was the first man of genius to see the insect world with a poet's as well as a natural scientist's eye, and it was this special vision, as well as the feeling beauty of his prose, which has lured generations of readers into a domain which, without him, they would have regarded with either apathy or distaste.

What of the text that supports these photographs, so like the fruits of a marriage between the microscope and Hieronymus Bosch? It is aimed, like the earlier volumes of this admirable American series, at the reader who has no specialist knowledge but who is quite willing, if it is not difficult, to learn. It is not, therefore, an entomological encyclopedia, and makes no attempt to be exhaustive. It sets out simply to provide a broad survey of the insect class of the animal creation, to differentiate its sub-classes and orders, and give a brief description of its families and species. This has been done in a matter-of-fact and sometimes entertaining style, for though the authors have staunchly resisted the temptation to make dramatic comparisons between insects and man, their delight in their subject, and the success which many insects have made of their lives, open the way for readers to do this for themselves. The observation, for example, that 'the efficiency of the insect society is based upon sterilisation of the proletariat' is a plain invitation to thought for the politically minded. (Of course, it may not be accepted, for most people, surprisingly, do not wish to think about insects, any more than they do about snakes.)

Provided, though, one has no neurosis about insects, this book offers absorbing entertainment, and from the right giver to the right recipient (care is needed) would be the most splendid of Christmas presents. Who would not wish to know, if only for conversational purposes, that the common house-fly hums in the key of F? Or that beetles, which have achieved 'unparalleled success in life', do not bother with social life of any kind? Or that termites chew the lead off telephone cables, nobody knows why?

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ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

From A.A. To Zucalli

Everyman's Concise Encyclopaedia of Architecture. By MARTIN S. BRIGGS. *Dent.* 21*s.*

The inside back cover and flyleaf of my copy of the new *Everyman* on Architecture are now completely full of queries, emendations and corrections, all of them on the subjects I am vaguely supposed to know something about, which is barely a fifth of what the book sets out to cover. A doubly disappointing experience this, first because I now have to wonder whether I can trust it on, say, Muslim architecture, or any of the other branches about which I know practically nothing, and secondly because in many ways this is one of the most promising general dictionaries in the field. Quite uninhibited in its scope, it includes a potted history of the Building Research Station, and doesn't hesitate to say that Stanford White was murdered (though it doesn't say why) and sorts out the different grades of membership in the RIBA, and all this in addition to the dutiful listing of Chevet, Diaper, Espagnolette, Francis Fowke, Gazebo, Hardy (Thomas), Intarsia, Jesse Window, Kiosk, Langley (Batty), Machicolation, Nymphaeum, Orme (Philibert de L') *see* De L'Orme (Philibert), Poppyhead, Qubbah and so on down to Zophorus and Zucalli.

Marvellous – an architectural dictionary contains more Paul-Jennings type words per page than any other technical work published. But this one also contains too darned many plain mis-spellings, too many mis-statements of fact (who *was* associate architect for the completion of the UN building? – the answers given here may be legalistically correct, but the reader would wrongly conclude that Skidmore Owings and Merrill, and not Wally Harrison, were responsible for the present mess), and too many eccentricities in the distribution of emphasis – nearly a page on an academic deadhead like Sir Herbert Baker, and no mention at all of Constructivism, or *de Stijl*, with the Bauhaus reduced to (*see* Gropius); more on Sir Albert Richardson than on H. H. Richardson – this just isn't good enough in a work that is supposed to guide old Everyman through his general reading. Eccentricity hits an ultimate pinnacle, however, when *pilotis* is illustrated by a work of Mies van der Rohe, rather than Le Corbusier, without whom neither the device, nor the word, would have twentieth-century currency. I look forward with enthusiasm to the second edition, *completely* revised.

REYNER BANHAM

New Novels

Dashbury Park. By SUSAN TWEEDSMUIR. *Duckworth.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Mountebank's Tale. By MICHAEL REDGRAVE. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Sea Change. By ELIZABETH JANE HOWARD. *Cape.* 18*s.*

A Winter's Tale. By ROBERT HARDY. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

Lady Tweedsmuir calls her novel a Victorian story, and the interest of *Dashbury Park* lies in its detail of the late Victorian life of the great house at Dashbury. It is a narrow, ordered life of refined affections and cruelties. It is also tedious; visits are its chief delights. Emotions are so controlled that even explosions of temper can be postponed. Yet Lady Tweedsmuir shows how, within its codes and the routine that was almost a ritual, it was possible for personalities to be developed and expressed. Lady Tweedsmuir looks back with affection, but she looks back clearly. She quotes Jane Austen: 'One does not love a place the less from having suffered in it.' There is a division, she suggests, between house and people. The reader grows to feel this as well and sympathises with the character who exclaims, 'The contents of this house are perhaps more interesting than its inmates'. But when the background has been detailed and the characters established, the women better than the men, we have to face the story, which is banal, ending in two marriages and one reconciliation. But the charm of this book comes from its detail; for that it can be warmly recommended.

The Mountebank's Tale is a thin story about a talented actor from Sutton Coldfield who impersonates an Austrian actor, whom he resembles, and then spends the rest of his life living with a borrowed name and fame. Here again the background is more interesting than the story, making us wish that Michael Redgrave would write a fuller novel about the stage.

The Sea Change is a variation of the Cinderella story and will give much pleasure. Some readers will be cheered by the spectacle of the poor but honest girl who gets everything without doing anything 'wrong'. Some readers will be warmed by the details of gracious living in London, New York, Athens and a Greek island. Our Cinderella is Alberta, a motherless country girl of eighteen. We first see her at a theatrical party at the Savoy. She is, however, unsophisticated and sweet. She doesn't know what *hors-d'œuvres* are; she doesn't know how to dress or to make up; but she is thoughtful and intelligent and capable of saying, 'Life is like an unfinished

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Alec Tiranti

carpet'. At this party she meets a famous playwright of 61, who engages her as his secretary. The playwright has a wife who broods, in ornate language, about the loss of her only child; he also has a young Anglo-American male assistant of energy and charm. Alberta has to fly ahead with the playwright to New York; there, for business reasons, he takes her on a fantastic shopping spree, all at his expense, without once asking her to do anything wrong, though a comic taxi-driver thinks otherwise. And this is only the beginning. Who, after the rejection of innumerable aspirants from two continents, will play the part of Clemency in the playwright's new play? Will the playwright fall in love with Alberta? Or the young assistant? Anxiously we plough through rich prose and sensitive simile. Alberta, unaware of the passion she has aroused, remains unsophisticated to the end. To her darling Uncle Vin, a comic ham-actor, she continues to write sweet and simple letters. From Athens she writes about a drink: 'when you put it in a glass and pour water over it, it goes milky – like the stuff you drank in Paris, but I can't remember its name'. Stunning photographs of herself arrive from New York and cause a row between jealous old playwright and jealous young assistant. 'I don't think they [the photographs] can be much good,' Alberta writes, 'as they seemed to make everybody rather cross.' And every evening she writes her profound thoughts in simple language in a big book. 'I . . . guessed it was a novel', says the young assistant, comically. 'Young girls write novels nowadays like they used to press flowers or make candy.' As for the playwright, he indulges in continual flashbacks, taking pointless bus-rides to do so, and being reproved at the end by comic bus-conductors. 'Here the *art* of the novelist', says the blurb, 'is to be seen in its most accomplished modern form.' Tragedy seems inevitable. But Alberta's father dies; the playwright gives her up; his wife ceases to brood about her dead child. And Alberta flies away with her young man, to New York and stardom, in a big silver machine, like a bird, only its wings don't go flap-flap.

'Her face like a stubbed-out cigarette' is one of the similes in *The Sea Change. A Winter's Tale* provides many more exciting ones. 'Memory moved like a breeze in a curtain and shook out the dust of smug hypocritical goodness.' And there are scores of simpler efforts like 'darkness fell like sorrow', 'he leaned in the doorway like darkness', and so on. There is practically little else in this novel, which is about a man who shoots his wife, wanders for three hundred pages about London, observing it like a dyspeptic tourist and coining similes, meets an improbable girl with the same habits, falls in love with her, then gives himself up, only to discover that he didn't murder his wife after all. All those similes for nothing.

V. S. NAIPAUL

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Result of No. 1,550 **Set by Alfa Romeo**

The usual prizes are offered for a comment, in epigrammatic form, by a regular user of German autobahns, Italian autostrade or American highways, on the excitement of the natives at the opening of the 70 miles of the London to Birmingham Motorway.

Report

'If it is British then it must be best.'
I'd sooner wear a suit without a vest.
My Plymouth did six hundred in a day,
Not seventy on a British Motorway.

Thus J. P., who added a footnote: 'This is actually true. I did 25,000 last year in a '53 Plymouth; the 600 was non-stop from Philadelphia to Cincinatti and took 11 hours.' J. P.'s reaction to the fuss about M1 was typical of competitors. But though there was plenty of scorn, wit tended to be in short supply.

Insular, sluggish, twenty years too late,
Complacently the British celebrate
The opening of M1. But at this pace
They wouldn't even win a tortoise race—

wrote A. J. Ryder, but not, I think, quite pointedly enough. Nor did R. Kennard Davis quite capture the vein of Ogden Nash, good though his first couplet was:

The grand new road to London from Birmingham
Has seventy whole miles, with seventy phone-boxes confirming 'em!
Fancy making all that hubbub
About driving from Birmingham to its subbub!

There were some nice comments as from the United States, though tending to be in wisecrack form rather than epigram. I liked Vera Telfer's: 'It's a cute little bit of Roman road but it sure is a shame to let automobiles ruin it', and Eddie C.'s 'No, sir; they ain't driving too fast. They're just flying too low.'

Prizes of fifteen shillings each to J. P., R. A. McKenzie, Ruedi Sowerby, Trooper Jones and Peter Veale, and of half a guinea to R. Kennard Davis, Vera Telfer, Eddie C., E. H. Campion and Allan M. Laing.

Two thousand years beneath the sun
And Britain's pride is now M1.
Perhaps a mere six thousand more
May bring M2, M3, M4.

R. A. McKENZIE

We've heard a lot about your British grit,
But what a fuss for such a little bit!

RUEDI SOWERBY

Lebensraum once was our fathers' disease;
So now these English must have room to kill.
Home is the Death-Wish from far overseas;
And the English lay them down—without a will.

TROOPER JONES

Britons who grudged our autostrade praise
Acclaim M1 the prince of motorways;
But—*Dio mio!*—now their haulage trade
Forsakes it for a road the Romans made.

PETER VEALE

'Exciting'? Wait till you've been overtaken
At eighty-five by sixteen tons of bacon!

E. H. CAMPION

These Rip van Winkles of the road
Their first short autobahn cheer madly.
I wonder if they still wear woad
Beneath the clothes they sport so sadly?

ALLAN M. LAING

City Lights

Bankers at Large

There has been a dangerous increase in the self-confidence of central bankers during the past couple of years. The naive monetary theories nailed to the masthead in 1957 by Mr Thorneycroft and his fellow unit-trusters were amateur stuff, stuff to delight the eccentrics who pass their retirement in writing letters to the newspapers. It was important that these cranky notions should be rebutted since they were held for a time by a Chancellor of the Exchequer and his assistants; but it is significant that the efforts made by the Radcliffe Committee to rebut them seem so strained and irrelevant two years later that the way is left clear for the triumph of a more common orthodoxy. The latest recession has been successfully overcome—at the cost of a US loss of gold, belatedly realised, which is likely to have far-reaching consequences—and monetary policy has assumed more credit for the recovery than it deserves. The financial community is thriving on easy credit and high interest rates, the businessmen are revelling in the interval during which rising profits are unaccompanied by rising wages. Everyone is happy, and the election result justifies their happiness: freedom works, the old recipe is as good as ever it was.

Bankers have been known before now to take little technical steps and face the politicians a few months later with a quite unexpected situation from which retreat has become impossible. There is a danger now that the politicians may be persuaded to agree to another little technical step forward which, while being of no conceivable use to anyone, would multiply the hazards to which the British economy is inevitably exposed. Convertibility is freedom to turn pounds sterling into any other currency at an official rate of exchange; foreigners already enjoy it in respect of the sterling which they earn on current account and residents now enjoy it effectively so far as travel is concerned. There may well be a case, if one is anxious to encourage the spread of international investment, for going one step further and abolishing security sterling—permitting foreigners to sell the sterling they get by selling capital assets in this country at the official rate of exchange.

But it is difficult to see any case at all for allowing free convertibility of capital held by British residents. The regulations have been gradually relaxed for people wanting to invest abroad, and they will probably be relaxed further if the position continues to improve, but there is all the

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Sunday, 29th November. One day march leaving USAF/RAF H-Patrol base at 10 a.m.
Buses leaving Friends Meeting House, 43 St. Giles, 9 a.m.

PUBLIC MEETING—BASILDON

Timberlog School, 2nd December, 8 p.m.
Dr. Alex Comfort

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY—Film Show

Mill Lane, 2nd December, 8.15 p.m.
"Children of Hiroshima"

PAST and FUTURE

SPECIAL

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Inca Journey — Jacquetta Hawkes
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difference in the world between holding the reins loosely and letting them go altogether. Nobody, not even the rules of the International Monetary Fund, expects Britain to take such a step. Once it was taken, every frightened capitalist in any future crisis – and the present spell of euphoria, based on an American complaisance which is now ended, is only a few months old – would be free to move his money out of the country at the expense of the central reserves. The negative arguments put forward in favour of the proposal, that exchange control is no longer effective and that there is no longer any safe haven for funk money, are nonsense: any control – in Britain, at least – works better than none, and in a speculative crisis there is always some country which seems momentarily safer than another. The only positive argument put forward is the emotional notion of taking over financial leadership of the world from the United States and leading the world into the kind of atavistic freedom which every foreigner knows that we can no longer afford. A moment's thought about the realities of world political and economic power shows up the shabbiness of the dream.

Yet there is no doubt that many bankers, tasting what they regard as normality for the first time since the war in the abnormal conditions of the past few months, are earnestly hankering for this final restoration of the freedom they enjoyed in the past – not the stable gold-standard past, of course, but the adventurous days of the 1930s in which so many of them learned their business.

It is thus the more disturbing to find the managing director of the International Monetary Fund supporting them. Dr. Jacobsson's organisation came to life for the first time two years ago and has flourished; his immediate aim, which the weakness of the dollar will probably enable him to achieve, is to persuade all the major European countries to accept the full responsibilities of Article VIII so that in any future crisis, forced to apply to the IMF for temporary aid, they will also be forced to accept its recommendations on domestic economic policy. But he has now suggested, in a lecture delivered at London University, that Britain should soon go beyond the formal requirements of the Fund's articles and allow convertibility of resident capital – on the familiar grounds, apparently, that exchange control will not work and that Britain must 'hold its position in the world'. It is high time that the politicians prepared to put the bankers in their place.

Company News

The *British Motor Corporation*, which produced 486,000 vehicles last year, will be able to produce a million in 18-24 months. Profits will rise over the next couple of years, and the £49m. needed to finance the plan can probably be found without recourse to the market. The chairman declares that the group already has a foot in the Common Market. *Standard-Triumph's* chairman is extremely optimistic: current output is much higher than expected and the company is already thinking in terms of something higher than the maximum 180,000 vehicles a year which present resources will eventually permit. *Raleigh Industries* has recovered well from the recession: profits, after falling from £2.2m. to £1,34m. have now bounded back to £2.39m. and earnings on the increased equity have risen from 13 to 32 per cent. to cover a dividend raised from eight to 12 per cent.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 524. Battle of Wits

To see a clever trapper even more cleverly trapped and a smart Alec outsmarted may well please us because it appeals to our sense of justice as well as to our less noble instincts, some of them base enough to make the Queen's English boggle and to reduce me to the term *schadenfreude*. Here's a case in point. /3r2k1/pp2qktpp/2p2p2/2p1pP2/Kt1Q1P3/PP6/2P3P1/2K4R/. White had just played his Q to B4, hoping that the somewhat obvious fork would net him a Pawn. Black did oblige by . . . P-QKt4, and after QxBP out-trapped the trapper by . . . R-Q3. Now White does lose the forked piece, for if he retreats it, . . . R-Q8 ch would cost him his Queen. And here's a somewhat more complex battle of wits. /r3r1k1/pp1q1p2/5bpp/3p4/3P4/1QKt2PPb/PP3R1P/1B1R2K1/. Black played (1) . . . BxP, and White, of course, wasn't fool enough to take the bait and be mated, he played (2) KtxP and thought to be very clever, for after . . . BxR ch; (3) KxB he would have several potent threats; and after . . . R-K7 (the move his opponent actually played) he expected to win the exchange by (3) Kt-B6 ch. But lo and behold, Black left his Queen in the lurch and simply played . . . K-R1!, the sequel being (4) KtxQ, BxR ch; (5) K-R1, B-Q5, and White resigned because he faces mate in every variation. I took these examples from *Creative Chess* by Fred Reinfeld, published by Mayflower at 17s. 6d. The book contains 122 well selected positions, each complete with diagram and lucid notes to explain how to create and to exploit open lines, how to deal with attacks and counter-attacks, sham and real, and how to save ½ point in what look like hopeless positions. There is also a chapter on 'tactical finesse', and one with some pretty examples of 'combinations in the grand manner'. There can be no doubt about the didactic value of that type of book, and fortunately quite a few of them have appeared in recent years. They are useful because they add to that store of significant combinative patterns which every chess player, consciously or subconsciously, carries in his memory, thereby enhancing his knack for spotting (or conjuring up) such combinative opportunities when they come his own way.

My only grudge against this useful book is the author's omission of sources. Many of his examples are famous brilliancies, such as this one by Alekhine. So why not give him due credit for sacrificing both rooks in the truly grand manner of Andersen's 'Immortal'? How he did force a brilliant win may well serve as this week's 4-pointer for beginners.

A: A. Alekhine 1919

For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are fairly simple and quite instructive. They are both wins for White and exemplify some useful ideas of how to exploit the awkward position of any enemy piece and how to add to its discomfiture. Usual prizes. Entries by 7 December.

B: A. A. Troitzki: /6Bkt/4p3/4Pp2/8/5P1p/8/4KPk1/8/.

C: W. Queckenstädt: /8/2p2b2/Pp1p4/4pp2/k7/2P5/1P2BPK1/8/.

REPORT on No. 521. Set 7 November

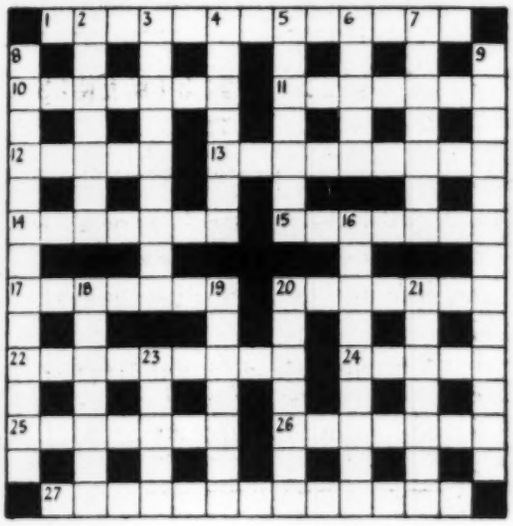
A: (31) . . . B-B6!, followed by . . . B-Q7.
B: *Key:* Kt-K7.
C: *Key:* Q-KB7.
D: (1) R-R3 wins with Black P on Kt3, R-B8 is the key when the Black P is on Kt4.

Easy enough. Prizes: G. A. Gantry, C. R. Hattersley, J. M. Hollis, J. Mitchell, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAG

Week-end Crossword 381

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 381, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 8 Dec.



ACROSS

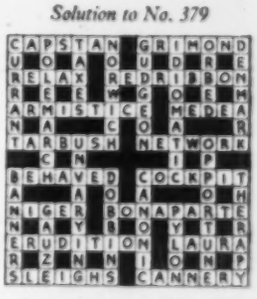
1. Means of advertising which makes the food tired of listening, by the sound of it (13).
10. The favourites come back after a single dance (7).
11. 'Wielder of the stateliest ——— ' (Tennyson) (7).
12. A number for each serpent (5).
13. The ancient European may provide an Asian mart (9).
14. Idle outside the industrial concern but not leave it to experts (7).
15. Colour of a man embraced by his mother (7).
17. Coins with a message? (7).
20. Non-Christian people stretching from pole to pole (7).
22. How life may be organised in E.C. 16 (9).
24. Scope for a morning with a tool (5).
25. Defame a leader following retrogressive painting (7).
26. City which makes an attempt after style (7).
27. Substitute thwarted and cheated (13).

DOWN

2. Helen's mother comes up with a letter for the theatre (7).
3. Resolve to hinder my people (9).
4. The devil and the fool make the most of the deadlock (7).
5. Rhyming routine (7).
6. Place in the circle with an actor looking up (5).
7. Island gathering (7).
8. They are recovering, but in religious associations their scale is distorted (13).
9. As a guarantee of survival, have the vehicle under control before the race (13).
16. Two states which may make miners age (9).
18. Soulfully I moan at changes (7).
19. The pure incorporated in the dry (7).
20. The poet puts money into an old line (7).
21. Vegetable for a sailor born in captivity (7).
23. If you have to eat humble pie, you must put this in (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 379



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CHILDREN'S Librarian (female), Free Library Service Board, Department of Chief Secretary, Melbourne, Australia. Applications should be addressed to the Agent-General for Victoria, Victoria House, Melbourne Place, Strand, London, not later than 9 December, 1959, together with statements of experience and qualifications and date and place of birth. Yearly salary: £A1,141, minimum; £A1,231, maximum. Duties: Under the Secretary's direction, to advise the Board and Municipal Libraries on all aspects of Children's Library development; to prepare suitable reading lists for Children's Libraries; and to inspect regularly all Municipal Children's Libraries to ensure that they are of an adequate standard; to arrange displays of Children's Library activity as directed by the Secretary; to address public meetings and interested organisations on Children's Library activities. Qualifications: To have passed the Registration Certificate of the Library Association of Australia or to be an Associate of the Library Association (United Kingdom), or to hold such other qualifications which may be deemed equivalent; preferably to hold a University degree in an appropriate course; to have had extensive experience in Children's Library work; to have a sound knowledge of general library practice. Conditions of employment include cumulative sick leave benefits, long service leave entitlement and superannuation.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes. Applications invited from suitably qualified women for post of Assistant Supervisor of Children's Homes, APTD I (£610 × £30 – £765). Duties include case work with children in homes, and preference will be given to candidates with a university qualification in Child Care or Social Science. Experience of residential work with children an advantage. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, Hally House, 220-224 London Road, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LINGUIST Officer: Air Ministry. Post for man at least 24 on 1.10.59 with good knowledge of Russian, normally to degree standard, and preferably working knowledge of one or more other languages. Recent Service experience desirable. Salary scale (national) £955-£1,030. Prospect of permanency. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5064/59. Closing date 10 December 1959.

PRISON and Borstal Service: Woman Assistant Governor. Pensionable post for woman of good general education. Must be at least 21 on 1.10.59 and genuinely interested in reformative work with girls and women. National salary £790 (at age 25 or under) to £980 (30 or over) rising to £1,083. Free accommodation or allowance in lieu. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 227/59. Closing date 10 December 1959.

LIBRARIANS, Grade IV. Pensionable posts at (a) Veterinary Laboratory, Weybridge, Surrey, under the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, and at (b) Military Engineering Experimental Establishment, Christchurch, Hants, under the War Office, for men and women at least 22 on 1.11.59. Qualifications: Fellowship or Associateship of Library Association, or Diploma of London University School of Librarianship. For (a), a knowledge of French and German is desirable, and experience in a medical, scientific, or technical library an advantage. For (b), experience of library work (preferably in a technical library) is essential. Salary (men) £635 (25 or over) rising initially to £1,055, with promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5062/59/10. Closing date 10 December 1959.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited for appointment from 1 January 1960 to the post of Research Assistant in Criminology. Salary within the range £450 – £675 a year, according to qualifications and experience. Applications, with the names of two referees, should be received not later than 7 December 1959 by Mrs M. Horn, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, WC2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

TRADES Union Congress invites applications for the post of Assistant in the Social Insurance and Industrial Welfare Department which is expanding its work in the field of occupational health. Medical experience is not necessary but background knowledge of social legislation is desirable. Further particulars may be obtained from Sir Vincent Tewson, TUC, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London, WC1. Closing date for completed applications, 30 Dec. 1959.

UNITED Nations Association seeks temporary Special Assistant (few months in first instance) to start work quickly in campaign for general disarmament. Salary £500-£600 according to age and qualifications, including organising, writing and speaking. Apply by letter: UNA, 25 Charles Street, London, W1, giving names of three referees and enclosing copies of recent testimonials.

LEADER for Co-operative Youth Club in Slough two evenings a week. Apply in writing to Co-operative Education Centre, 6 The Grove, Slough.

DANILO Dolci Committee reqs. administrative assistant, London. Details: Secretary, 29 Great James St, WC1. CHA. 3228.

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DEPUTY Warden, Lollard Adventure Playground, Lambeth. Opportunity take part in valuable sociological experiment. Young man required, preferably with some experience age groups 6-19. £550-£600 p.a. Pension scheme. Write LAPA, 38 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

CHILDREN'S Home, Manor Lodge, Slough. Married couple required to take charge of children's home for 18 school-age children. Salaries: housefather £470-£550, housemother £420-£520 less £120 for board and lodging in each case plus allowances which apply. Posts are superannuable and appointment subject to medical examination. Full particulars and forms of application, which should be returned by 8 December, may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 18 Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.

CLERICAL Officer (female) required by Medical Research Council for Rheumatism Research Unit, Canadian Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, Maidenhead, Berks. Shorthand typing essential, knowledge of medical or scientific terminology advantage. Salary on scale £462 rising to £690 under equal pay arrangements. Write (full details and two referees) to Hospital Secretary.

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LONDON Regional Council of United Nations Association seeks experienced office secretary interested in international affairs for varied duties. Written applns only to 8 Up. Belgrave St, SW1, stating sal. reqd.

COLLET'S head office, 44 Museum St, WC1, require (1) Book-keeper/Cashier, experience not essential but must be quick, accurate and willing to work hard without supervision. Excellent prospects in expanding firm for keen worker of either sex. (2) Experienced Shorthand-Typist. Salaries within TU Agreement but acc. skill. 35-hour week. 3 weeks' hol. & free superann. after 1 year.

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DECEMBER Labour Monthly. 'Why We Lost & What Now?' Joan Maynard, JP. 'The Way Ahead', Jim Mortimer; Slogans of a Career, overheard by John Berger; 'Police Violence & Why', Wilfred Macartney; The Panchen Lama speaks to Daniel Latifi. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

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NOT for Jack! Notice is hereby given that a specialist collection of Christmas cards illustrating in a pleasing way the past of our Movement are available at 5 for 2s. 9d., tax paid and post free, with envelopes, 161 Drury Lane, London, WC2. (LRD Publications Ltd.)

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

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SOCIALISM, economics, politics, USSR; we buy books, pamps., journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books), Phone AMBassador 1564.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 774

PAINTING Classes Sats. and/or Suns. Edward Swann Painting Assembly in Chelsea. Classes limited, tuition thorough by established professionals. Details ES, c/o 50 Alexandra Rd, London, SW19. WIM. 1009.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB. Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ITALIAN, French, German. Short conversation course for your holiday. Coach all exams. & scholarships. Mrs Chanda, HAM. 7322, 7.45-8.45 a.m. Suns 1.15-2.30.

SPECIALISED Tuition in pianoforte playing, technique & repertoire. Constance Bulmer, 32 Trevor Place, SW7. KEN. 4624.

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HAMPSTEAD. Well-furn. s/c. flat, 1 double, 1 single bedrooms, nursery with use of toys, indoor slide, etc., central heating, c.h.w., use TV & all amenities. From mid-Dec. to end March. Tel. HAM. 9961.

BED-sit., all conveniences. NW2. Refined lady only. GLA. 4631 morns/after 5.

WEST Hampstead. Luxury lge divan rm, fitted cupbds, c.h., daily service, cooking facils. 5 gns p.w. Garage avail. SWI. 3611.

HIGHGATE Wds. Furn. flat, redec., dble bedr., lge, k., use bth. 5 gns. TUD. 8207.

MUSWELL Hill. Lady 20/30 wnd share gdn flat, £2 incl. lt. & ht. STA. 7296.

3 gns. Pleasant room with breakfast & all amenities, Waterloo 10 mins. VAN. 5478.

PROF. man, 28, seeks similar type to share flat NW1. £4 10s. p.w. Must be willing to help domestic chores. Box 628.

HIGHGATE Village, B/s., use of kitchen incl. h. & c., baths. £2 10s. MOU 3196.

LGE s/c. frn. flat N8. Mod. decor, suit 2 adults. £6 p.w. MOU. 5436 or Box 665.

FOUR miles west Marble Arch: large comf. furn. bed-sit., with own bathroom, 2 divans, cooking fac., 'phone. Musical household. 4 gns. wly incl. heat, light & hot water. Tel. SHE. 5807, evenings or weekend.

CHARMING balcony b/s., mod. block, every con. Bfst optl. WC area. Box 700.

FURN. ultra-modern s/c. maisonette-flat, lounge, dble bedrm, kit., bathrm, large balcony. £260 p.a. Muswell Hill. TUD. 8404.

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BUSINESS woman can accommodate one or two persons in luxury bungalow, Harrow district; financial arrangement by agreement. Box 611.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG American scientist requires furn./unfurn. s/c flatlet W1; kitchen and bath. Box 696.

SERIOUS musical couple with piano seek modest, comf. refuge, London. Box 507.

FAMILY with every disadvantage: coloured, child, dog, mod. means, sk unfurn. accom. NW3, W11, W8, SW11. MAI. 5619 evgs.

PROF. gentleman seeks s/c. furn. flatlet as pied-à-terre mainly weekends, evenings. Write BM/DKGH, London, WC1.

SERIOUS student, 28, seeks heated London room for 3 months at moderate rent. Leyrer, 1 rue A-Magnard, Paris, 16.

CAPABLE woman (secretary) seeks room, nominal rent, exchange housework/cooking, evenings/early mornings. Box 691.

S/C. furn. flat for couple N or W London, occupancy immed. after Xmas. Box 604.

STUDIO or large room, preferably unfurn., cooking facils., reqd by couple with piano NW London area. Box 595.

PROFESSOR requires a furnished house or flat to accommodate 3 adults and 4 young daughters, from 1 to 27 January, in the London area. Ring MUSeum 2818, or write University Lodgings Bureau, Students' Union, Malet St, WC1.

PERSONAL

CHRISTMAS. Widow (32) and daughter (5) would like to join in family festivities. Chores accepted and expenses shared. RIChmond 0235 or Box 557.

LIBRARY Fitment – shelves & cupboards below – from Ashburnham House, nr Battle, Sussex (being demolished). Approx. run (round three walls) 120ft, & 11ft high. Walnut, adjustable shelves. Most pleasing design, suitable old or modern building. A great bargain for some University or Institution Library, or a large private Library. Write EDS, Canford, Dittons Rd, Eastbourne, or 'phone, evenings, 1088.

MOTHER of 9 shs good s/h. books, toys; Rigg Beck, Newlands, nr Keswick.

YAS Mina. Orphanage near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. Please help us support. War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

SWISS girl available as mother's help, baby preferred. London area. Apply 26 St David's Drive, Broxbourne, Herts.

FREE bed-sitter with breakfast in doctor's house in exchange coaching boy 14, particularly Maths. Lady preferred. Box 461.

CYPRUS – furn. house avail., bargain rent. Gantz, 22 Holly Hill, NW3. HAM. 8941.

TWO pianos. Would anyone like to play two piano music with moderately good sight-reader at weekends? Box 688.

FIRST-class houseboat, lovely moorings, 3 bedrooms, bath, £1,200. CHI. 5267.

FLAT in Camberwell. Yng lady offers another p.g. accommodation. Write or call 48 Paulet Rd, SE5, for details.

OUR white bones lie 'neath the cloudless sky Of the summer islands fair, And there's never a bay in the Northland grey, But our British dead are there.' Name of Author of these lines urgently required – can anyone help? Please contact Miss Mark, AMB. 3424.

RADCLYFFE Hall. Anyone interested this author & her work, write Box 657.

THE National Trust seeks a tenant who will convert into one house and outbuildings a group of five cottages standing by themselves near the river Thames on its Estate at Buscot near Lechlade, 21 years lease at a nominal rent. Substantial capital expenditure needed on repairs, improvements and provision of services. Apply in writing to Area Agent, 14 London St, Faringdon, Berks.

CHRISTMAS International Peace Week. Friendship House, Bückeburg, Germany. 23-30 Dec. Celebrations, excursions, conference. Fee £5 10s. Details from A. Brocklehurst, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1.

FOREST School Camps. Introductory course, 29 December to 4 January, for anyone who is interested in progressive educational ideas, & who wishes to join the staff of these co-educational tented summer camps for children of all ages. Details from Mrs S. Powesland, 26 Chicago Av., Gillingham, Kent.

A FRIENDLY informal society through which members meet at theatres, concerts, opera, ballet, exhibitions, dances, etc. Send s.a.e. to The Companions Club, 11(S) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, W1.

ARTISTS wishing to exhibit in a London gallery please apply to Box 541.

LITERARY and Genealogical research – reasonable terms, quick service. Box 321.

I WRITE speeches, sales letters, books, technical articles, etc. Box 314.

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AUTOGRAPH Letters and Manuscripts of literary, historical, theatrical and scientific interests wanted to purchase. C. & I. K. Fletcher Ltd, 22 Buckingham Gate, SW1. Tel. TAT. 8534.

THE Blue Card Club, 97 Charing Cross Road, WC2, gets 10% reduction at many London restaurants. 1 gn. yearly. Refunded after fortnight if not satisfied.

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PERSONAL—continued

£250 'New Statesman' cartoon competition. Details: 10 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversation & tuition.

DISCUSSION Groups, conferences, theatre, sunbathing, poetry and painting among friendly members of the Progressive League (N.3), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

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WHAT'S wrong with the ABC? Ask Phonetic Alph. Assn, 86 Dalmain Rd, SE23.

THERE'S always something worthwhile doing (incl. doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send p.c. for 1960 list.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, gargles, sprays, cautterisation and even surgery but, withal, the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness, activity, happiness (and beauty) – remains. Garlisol tablets will liquefy catarrh and purify and clear the whole system. Entirely harmless and benevolent; no drug reaction on the heart or any other organ. Not habit-forming. Send 52s. 6d. today for 1,000 Garlisol tablets (six months' supply) with informative booklet of home treatment and dietary advice. – Garlisol Natural Remedies, Fairlight, Sussex.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

HAVE a massage to keep fit and healthy. Excellent tonic for tiredness and nervous tension. Appointments: Mon.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m. HAM. 2514.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe, MP.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, Lon, NW1.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday crses: 3 LP records, 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No dep. Barmerlea Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone, NS), 10 Bayley St, W1. MUS. 7223.

PHYSICAL Culture based on rhythmic breathing and sustained movement. Relaxation Exercises. Applics to Mrs Mellish, 30 Pembridge Rd, W11. Tel. BAY. 4972 between 11 a.m. & 1 p.m. Mon. to Thurs. inclusive.

CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply Dept 162, TV Writing School, 14 Sackville St, W1.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e. to Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

WHERE TO STAY

EASTON Court Hotel, Chagford, Devon. Small, warm hotel. Central heating, open fires in three lounges. Excellent chef & waiter summer & winter. Very reduced winter terms.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Guests welcomed Old Manor, woods, own farm, secluded, near sea. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

COTSWOLDS for Christmas. Tower House Hotel, Woodchester, Stroud Valley, Glos. Cen. htg, fires, 2 acres wooded parkland.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent. Friendly weekends. A few vacancies for Christmas houseparty. Herne Bay 750.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

SCHOOLS

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

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You can choose from a wonderful selection of inclusive holidays at over 100 resorts! A few examples of 8 day holidays by rail and sea travel are: –

Adelboden	£26 17s.	Parthenen	£21 18s.
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and if you book early Cooks guarantee Couchettes (sleeping accommodation) on the Special Trains. You can also travel by air. Write for FREE 112 page programme 'Winter Sports' to

THOS. COOK & SON LTD,

Dept. H/DFZ, Berkeley Street, London, W1, and branches, or from any office of Dean & Dawson, Pickfords or appointed booking agents.

CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS

Here are some suggestions for a cheerful Christmas or New Year:

Winter Sports Parties dep. 18, 19, 20 22, 25, 27 December, 1 January

Winter Sunshine Holidays

Christmas Parties in Britain (Kent, Surrey, Berkshire, Isle of Wight, Suffolk)

New Year's Party in Surrey

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE

47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-4.

SKI WITH THE CLUB MEDITERRANEE

at their 'villages de neige' at LEYSIN, ENGELBERG or SERRE CHEVALIER

A winter sports holiday with this famous French Club is gayer and more light-hearted than anything you have ever known. Everything for the perfect skiing holiday.

Including a free pass on all the ski-lifts of the resort,

Full details from:

TRAVEL COUNSELLORS LTD,
139 Kensington High Street,
(entrance in Wrights Lane)
London, W8. WEStern 1517.

PEDAGOGUES prevented by pecuniary problems from packing pupils off to Continent, invited to enquire about excursionful holidays in the South West arranged by new agency. From 6 gns. for 7 days. Exetours, Agriculture House, Exeter.

WINTER is a time to flee from Fog and Flu. We offer a really magnificent collection of Ski-ing and Sunshine holidays (also special Christmas/New Year arrangements in Majorca & Paris). Call, write or telephone today. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

PPPS. (Passion Play Post Script). Harold Ingham has 350 places for the Oberammergau Passion Play in 1960 reserved for members of his 'Summer Schools' Parties. Two parties will travel by air both ways at an inclusive charge of 29 gns.; five parties will be combined with 'Art and Architecture' tours to Passau and Vienna (16 days—46 gns.) & three parties will include, also, a stay in Salzburg (22 days—55 gns.). Accommodation in Oberammergau & 1st class seats for the Play are guaranteed for all members of these parties. Information now available from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. HARrow 1040 & 1087.

FOOD AND DRINK

NEW Mural by Lyall Watson at the Chicken Bar, 42 High St, Hampstead (opp. Post Office), now open until 11.30 p.m. 'Chicken Maryland' and 'Chicken Paprika' acclaimed by customers best value in town.

ROYAL Jelly, so much in the news, is the fabulous milk of the Queen Bee. Recommended as a first-class Energy Food when packed in Clover Honey. A 21-day course costs 42s. from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

A WARM Christmas welcome is always strengthened by a glass of El Cid Sherry. It's a superb Amontillado – light, full-bodied and lovely – a delight to eye and to palate!

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2
Box Office: Tel. COVent Garden 1066

THE ROYAL BALLET
30 Nov. & 3 Dec. at 7.30, Ondine
1 Dec. at 7.30, The Firebird, Les Patineurs, Antigone
5 Dec. at 2.15, Sylvia

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
2 & 5 Dec. at 7, Aida
4 Dec. at 7, Der Rosenkavalier

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
OPERA SEASON
Evenings 7.30
1 & 3 Dec. Cinderella (La Cenerentola)
2 Dec. Katya Kabanova (last perf.)
4 Dec. Andrea Chenier
5 Dec. Don Giovanni (last perf.)

MEYERBEER'S 'Les Huguenots'. Intro. by Peter G. Foster, assisted by members of cast recent revival, Sun. 29 Nov. at 8 p.m., 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Partics: Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS, TEM. 3334. Tu. to Fri. 8.0. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'A Man's Job'. Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 4.30 & 8.15. Peggy Ashcroft, Eric Porter, Mark Dignam: Ibsen's 'Rosmersholm'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. Sat. 5 & 8. 'Make Me An Offer', by W. Mankowitz.

TOWER. 7.30. 26, 27, 28 Nov. Ben Jonson's 'The Alchemist', 4, 5, 6 (mems), 10, 11, 12 Dec. Shakespeare's 'Othello', Book now CAN. 3475 (9-6)/CAN. 5111 (6-8.30).

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri. St. Sn. 7.45. 'Anna Christie' – West Indian Cast. Mems.

CONCERT

ICA, 4 St. James's Square, SW1. Friday, 4 December, 8.30. Works for Piano: Schoenberg, Charles Ives. Vocal Works: Bartok, Schoenberg, Webern, Richard Bennett. Piano: William Masselos. New Music Singers: director Graham Treacher. Tickets: 5s. at the door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

OBRAZTSOV
(Russian Puppet-Master from Moscow)
Four special recitals.
Royal Festival Hall (Recital Room) (WAT. 3191), Thurs. 10 Dec.; and Wigmore Hall (WEL. 2141), Sat. 12 Dec. Performances at 6.30 and 8.30 p.m. each date. Reserved tickets 15s., 10s., 5s., from respective Box Offices.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Films by Fellini. Until 29 Nov.: 'Il Bidone' (A). From 30 Nov.: Masina in 'Notti Di Cabiria' (X). McLaren's 'A Chairy Tale' (U).

'KRAMPUS Dance', Kensington Town Hall, Thurs. 3 Dec. at 8. Austrian Cabaret – Viennese Buffet – Dancing until midnight. Tickets from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St, W8. WES. 9003. Members 5s., Non-members & at door 7s. 6d., limited number of Student Tickets at 3s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartette Today Sat. 28 November 8-11 p.m. Mems. 3s., their Guests 5s.

DANCE, 7.30-11 p.m. 5th Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Sat. 5 Dec. Tickets 4s. All welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socty. joint dance with Hampstead Labour Pty at Hampstead, Tn Hall, Sat. 5 Dec. 8 p.m. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON ART GALLERY
Church Street
THE AUTUMN EXHIBITION
Pictures selected from the Royal Academy and other exhibitions of 1959
14 November to 13 December
Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2-6
Admission free

THE Albanian Society's Exhibition of Albanian Costume, Embroideries, Contemporary Products, Books, Photographs, &c., is open (admission free) on 4 December (10 a.m. to 9 p.m.) and 5 December (9 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.) at 27 Albany Street, London, NW1. Books, publications, Christmas cards & fascinating, unusual Christmas gifts from Albania will be on sale.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA. 17 Dover St, W1. Picture Fair. Buy a ticket for 15 gns., and win an original work by Delvaux, Man Ray, Pasmore, Picasso, Piper, Turnbull. 2-17 December. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Adm. free.

DUNOYER De Segonzac. An Arts Council exhibition. Royal Academy Diploma Gallery. Extended to 13 December. Weekdays 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

LIPCHITZ: Sculpture. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 16 December. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

THE Polite Tournament: Modern Japanese Woodcuts 1-31 Dec., St George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660; 10-6, Sats 10-1.

DENNIS James – pntgs. Comedy Gallery, Oxenden St, Haymarket. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 'Art in Revolt: Germany 1905-1925'. Chagall, Kirchner, Klee, Kokoschka, Marc, etc. In aid of World Refugee Year. Admn 2s. 6d. Students 1s. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.

PICTURES, Prints and Pottery. Christmas Exhibition & Sale in aid of the Daily Worker on Saturday, 28 Nov., 4.30 to 8 p.m. Sunday, 29 Nov., 11 to 6.30 p.m. at 78 Regents Park Road, NW1. Refreshments. Admission by catalogue 1s.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Lacasse, till 5 Dec. 10-6 daily.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) F. N. Souza.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Stefan Knapp – Recent paintings. Until 12 December. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery. Paintings by Maurice Collis, from 2 Dec. 6 Duke St, St. James's.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Anne Madden, Georges Cotos, G. Barbisan. All first exhibitions in London. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

PARIS Gallery, 1 Albany Terrace, NW1. WEL. 7360. (Regent's Park Stn). Figure Variations – paintings from Paris & London. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Constellations by Miro: Papiers collés by Matisse: Lithographies by Dufy and '1000 gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Until 8 Jan 1960.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent sculpture Trevor Bates, 10-6. Sats 10-1. At 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Cecil Collins: a retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and tapestries 1928-1959. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Jeannette Jackson and The Quinton Group till 5 Dec., Garcia-Llort till 28 Dec., Janet Green 30 Nov.-5 Dec. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Misc. works by Picasso, Miro, Braque, Pissarro, Bott, Friesz, Delvaux, Sutherland, Bratby, Meadows, Frink, etc.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NEW LEFT CLUB
formerly Universities & Left Review Club
Monday, 30 November: 7.30 for 8 p.m.
THE TWO CULTURES: Dr E. Burhop and Norman Birnbaum
Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1. (Two minutes Warren St Station)
Admission 2s. 6d. Members 1s.

PUBLIC DEBATE ON DIRECT ACTION
sponsored by The Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War. The Labour Peace Fellowship and Peace News.
Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m. Thurs. 10 Dec.
Proposers: Dr Alex Comfort, April Carter.
Opposers: Dr David Pitt, John Rankin, MP.
Admission 2s. 6d.

'GUIDING Forces of Nature'. Pub. Lect. Sun. 29 Nov. 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 1 Dec. 'Vibration Problems in Engineering' by Professor R. E. D. Bishop. 3 Dec. 'The Origin of Indian Corn' by Mr P. R. Bell.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The 50's. Roger Coleman: 'The Top Tens of the Fifties' – A look at jazz and pop music of the 50's with Audio-visual illustrations. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Tuesday, 1 December, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

FABIAN Annual General Meeting, new date, and place, Sat., 5 December, 2 p.m. Assembly Hall, London University Institute of Education, Malet St, WC1. Mems only.

SIR Isaiah Berlin addresses Council of Christians and Jews Public Meeting on 'John Stuart Mill and the Ends of Life'. 5 p.m. Wednesday, 2 December. Conference Hall, County Hall, SE1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 27 Nov., 8 p.m. Prof. E. Hill (Cambridge): 'Pushkin House of USSR Acad. of Sciences in Leningrad'. Fri. 4 Dec., 8 p.m. Sir John Cockcroft: 'Science in Soviet Union'. Chair.: Prof. P. M. Blackett. All seats reserved in adv. At Pushkin House, 46 Ladbroke Grove, Sat., Sun., 5 & 6 Dec., 3-8 p.m. Russian Christmas Bazaar, to be opened at 4 p.m. on Sat. by Anya Linden (Royal Ballet). Russian books, toys, antiques, novelties. Russian buffet. Musical entertainment, etc. In Royal Festival Hall Recital Room (Gen. Manager, T. E. Bean), Mon., 7 Dec., 8.15 p.m. Kedroff Vocal Quartet; recital of Russian classical, folk & Georgian songs & Church music. Tkts 9s., 7s., 4s. from Pushkin House & Royal Festival Hall.

'THE Evolutionary Philosophy of Samuel Butler.' New Jewish Society, Wed., 2 December at 8 p.m. Simon Marks Room, Bedford House, 108 Baker St, W1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. David Ennals, 'Moscow's Changing Attitudes'. Wed. 2 Dec., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society: Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

ADLERIAN Society. 'The Adopted Child', Margaret Kornitzer (author of 'Adoption'), Tues., 1 Dec., 7.30 punctually. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-members 2s. 6d. (Students 1s.)

SHAW Society. Francis Watson, OBE, on 'Lawrence of Cloud's Hill' (T. E. Lawrence), at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1. 4 Dec., 7. Non-mems 2s. 6d.

SERGEI Obraztsov will be the chief speaker at the SCR 35th Anniversary Meeting, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1, 9 Dec., 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

'THE Labour Party – Left or Right'? Public meeting Bellfield School, Bell St, NW1. 3 Dec., 8 p.m. Speakers: Ian Mikardo, James MacColl, MP, Dr. Bruce Cardew, John Silkin. Questions & discussion.

CONWAY Discussions. 5 Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15. 1 Dec. Brigadier G. Chatterton, 'How Many Million Refugees? Their Claim on our Conscience'.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda. Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Mukhyananda, Thurs. 3 Dec., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Worship of God as Mother'. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 29 November, 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'William Wilberforce's Achievement', H. J. Blackham.

BRITISH-Yugoslav Society. 'Education in Yugoslavia,' talk by Dr. D. Brkitch, 2 Dec., 6.45 p.m. Ivanhoe Hotel, Bloomsbury St, WC1. Non-mems welc. Partics, Socy: Hon. Sec., 6 Den Close, Beckenham, Kent.

5 PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 29 Nov. Archibald Robertson, MA. 'What a piece of Work is Man!' Write for Free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

IWC London Branch, Fri., 4 Dec., 8.30. 'Off the Beaten Track in China' (illustrated) Dr Romila Thapar. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public Lecture. Free.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Wed. 2 Dec., Christmas Party for Members (5s.) and Invited Guests only. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Inf. TAT. 1313.

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